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VOL. CCXIX.
SEPTEMBER 23, 1953

The Sketch

AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

MARIANNE
By John Strevens

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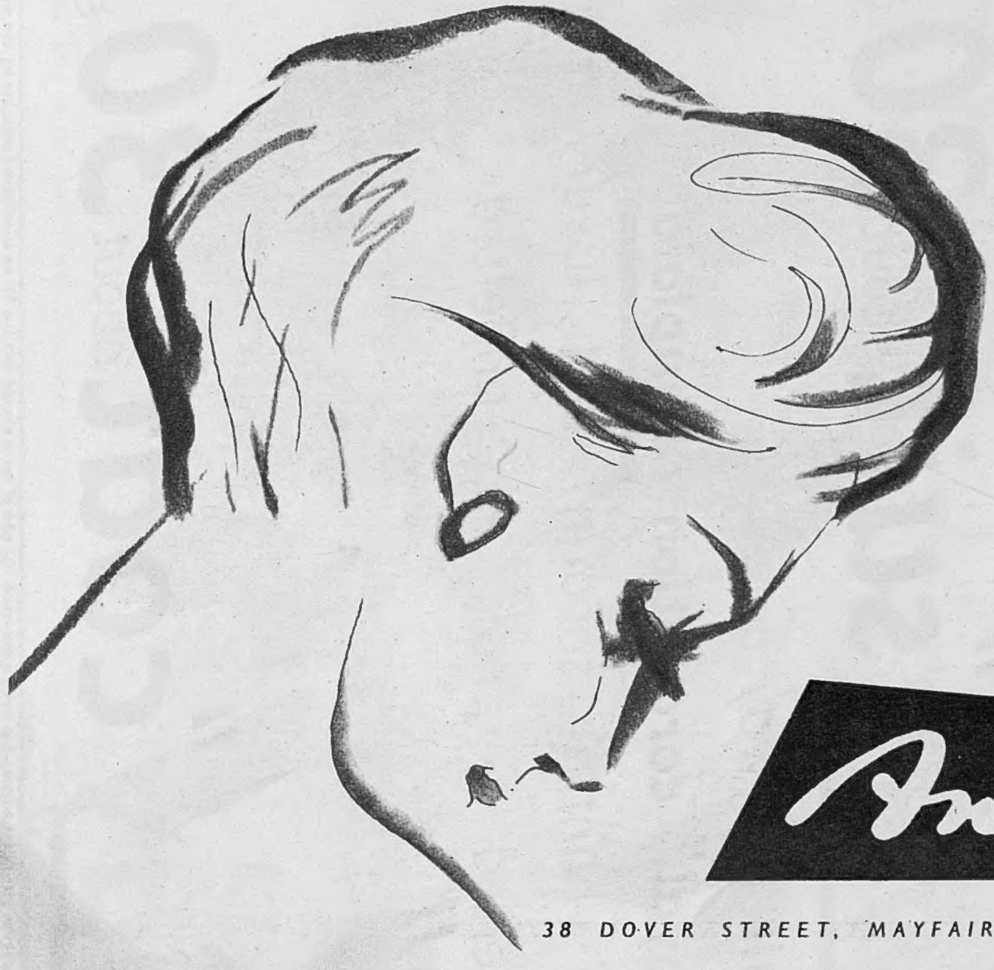

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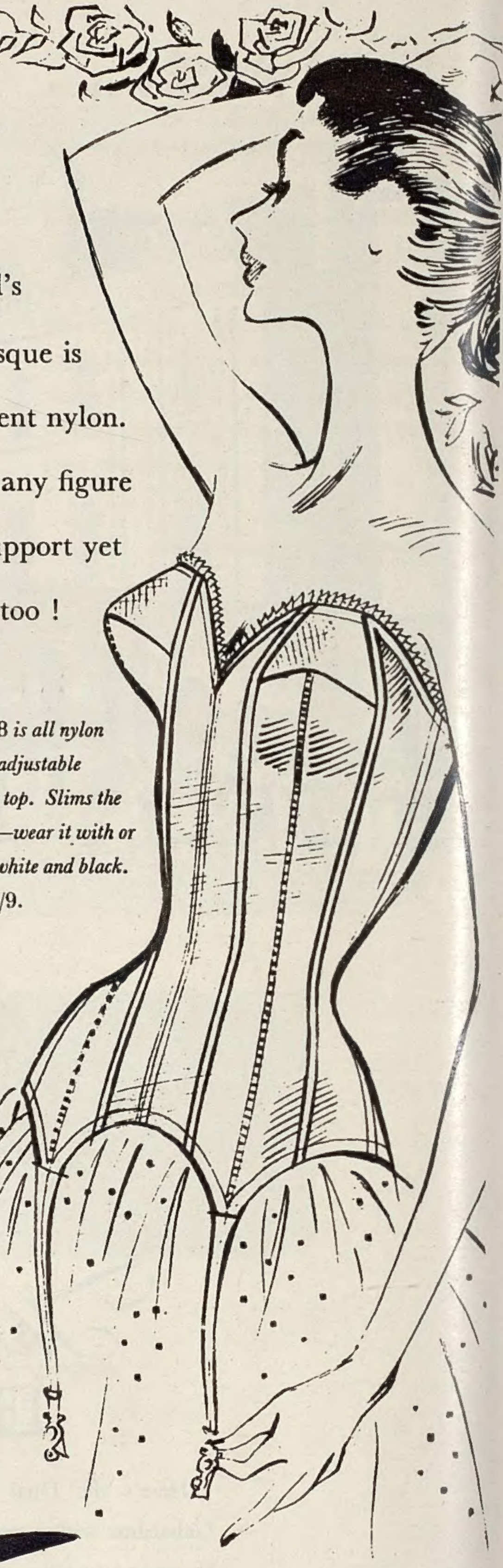

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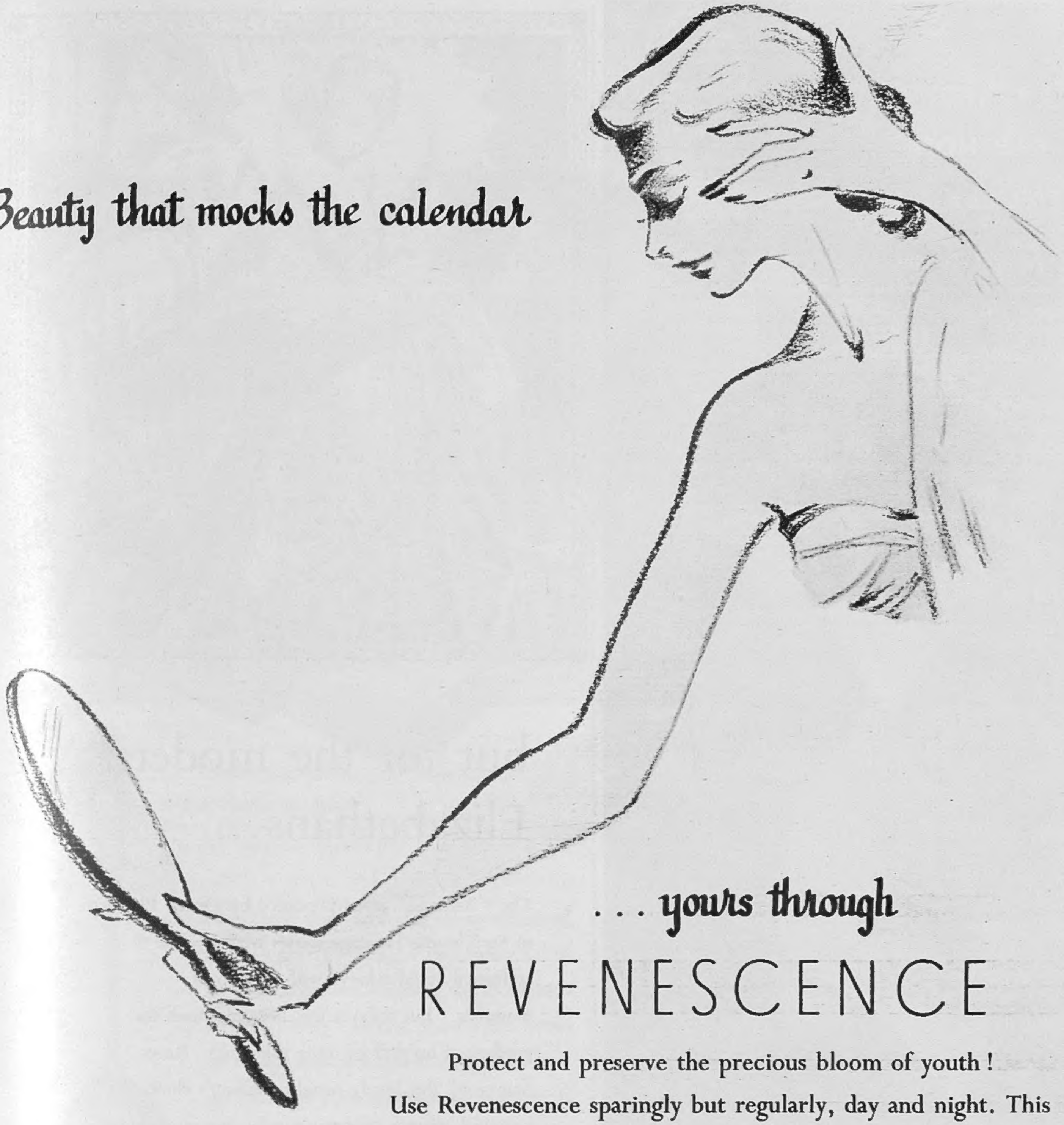

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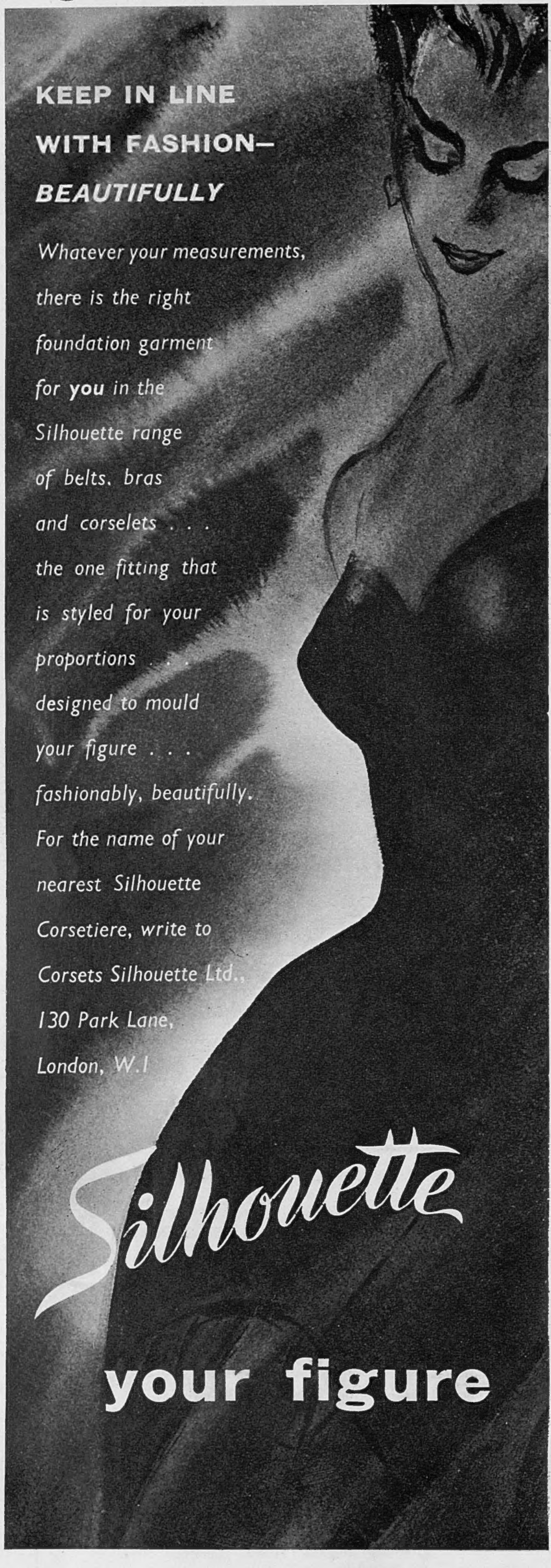

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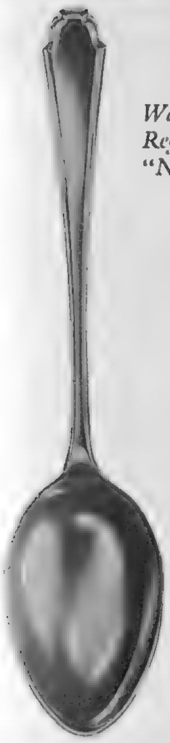

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1953

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Lenare.

Miss Frances Sweeny

A charming recent portrait of Miss Frances Sweeny, attractive only daughter of the Duchess of Argyll by her former marriage. With her brother Brian, she has been staying with her mother at the Duke of Argyll's Scottish seat, Inveraray Castle, in Argyll. Next month, she leaves for Florence, where she will attend a finishing school until she returns to England for her "coming-out" in 1955. At sixteen, her light brown hair and green eyes already mark her out as a future beauty, and many who know her believe she will be one of the loveliest débutantes of her season.

The Queen, who travelled down from Scotland for the St. Leger at Doncaster on September 12th, saw her horse *Aureole* finish third in the great race, which was won by *Premonition*. Also watching from the Royal Box were Sir Winston Churchill (*extreme left, with binoculars*) and Lady Churchill, who were returning to Balmoral with the Royal party as guests of Her Majesty.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

I WRITE this under difficulties. Below, the *mare* is distinctly *luccica*, the *onda* is absolutely *placida*, the *vento* from the south is as *prospero* as anything. In fact, though this is Majorca and not Santa Lucia, the Mediterranean is doing everything it should. There is not a cloud in the sky. The sun is hot—its ardour, however, just nicely tempered, as I say, by the southerly breeze which springs up every day at mid-day.

Other holiday-makers are lying in the sun or wallowing in the sea. They have no cares. Indeed, our fellow-travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, are extracting active pleasure from the fact that I am incarcerated writing these words. "Haven't you," they say, "written your article yet?" Adding brutally, "I thought you said that this was the last possible day?" As my literary output during the past ten days has amounted to four postcards, the effort is not inconsiderable.

What is there about the Mediterranean which induces such delicious lethargy? This island, Majorca, in classical times was the scene of Hercules' winning of the Golden Apples (I imagine the Golden Apples were oranges), and boasts, in the fantastic underground Caves of the Drach, one of the seven official entries to the underworld in pre-Christian times. But I also feel sure it must have been the original island where the Lotus-eaters dreamed out their lives in languorous content.

I have no idea what has been happening in the great world. Newspapers arrive here by air from England quickly enough, but it is not worth the price of a sherry in the local bistro to buy them, as one would scarcely have the energy to read them.

THIS time we tried the experiment of taking the car not by the admirable Silver City service from Lympne to Le Touquet, but on the slightly longer flight from Southampton to Cherbourg. The experiment was highly successful. There was an occasional placard convening strikers. But with one exception we saw little or no evidence of the great French strikes.

The exception was when we arrived at the excellent Hotel Anjou, in Angers. As we got out of the car the proprietor hurried forward and begged us not to take out any heavy luggage as there was no one to carry it. An hour before our arrival a Trades Union official had walked into his hotel and informed his staff that they were on strike, whereupon, with the exception of one handy-man, every man-Jack and woman-Jill marched out. As a result, we were not able to dine in the hotel.

However, a little way down the street we found the "Vert d'Eau"—much recommended by Michelin—where we had an admirable *fricassée de poulet à l'angevine*. The "female inhabitant of Anjou" certainly knows how to cook, and indeed the cooking and the admirable—and admirably cheap—local wines, such as the white Montsoreau and the red Champigny which we had with our dinner, made one regret the improvidence of our ancestors in allowing this part of France ever to become separated from the English Crown, to which for so long it was subject.

The unfortunate proprietor of the hotel was full of gloom over the strikes in general and his own strike in particular. He had indeed reason to be—at the height of the tourist season—letters being undelivered and telephonic and telegraphic communication impossible. "*Pauvre pays*," he kept muttering. But if the strikes had shown France at her most undisciplined and irresponsible, the reactions of the owner of the hotel showed her at her most ingenious and indomitable.

By the time we returned to the hotel it was clear that that great French institution, The Family, had been mobilised. Aunts and uncles, daughters and cousins had arrived and were on the job. The following morning our breakfast was brought to us by a lady who told me that normally she was a journalist, and by the time we got downstairs there was a beautifully hand-written notice on the enquiry counter informing "*notre aimable cliéntèle*" (Oh, splendid language!) that the restaurant was now open again, and that the cuisine merited our attention. Meanwhile, Madame's sister was busily and penetratingly going into the credentials of waiters, chambermaids and the French equivalent of Mrs. Mops. I felt sure that by lunch-time all would have been in order.

OUR route the next day took us along the banks of the Loire—surely one of the most beautiful drives in the world—and through Saumur. I must recommend any readers who happen to pass that way to look out for the village of Dompierre, a few

miles out of Saumur, and in the village of Dompierre to look out for a sign on the right-hand side of the road which says *Dégustation.* Do not fail to stop, even if by so doing you cause a bus to brake suddenly (as I did), with a consequent infernal fanfare on those ever-active French horns. For in this delightful mediæval building, partly built on and partly into the cliff, you can, for a shilling or two, "degustate" some of the delicious little white and rosé wines of the region. These wines, like the Vouvray of the Tours district, must be drunk on the spot to enjoy them to the full, for—some of the pundits notwithstanding—I do not believe that they are big enough to travel even as far as Paris, let alone to England.

At the "Truffé Noire" at Brive, that delightful and ancient town which is happy in possessing virtually no history—*i.e.*, it has never been put to the sack or been the object of any major campaign—I must confess to a moral defeat. The hotel is justly famed for its cuisine in a part of the world itself notable for the excellence of its cooking, and for the truffles from which the hotel takes its name. It is also possessed of surely the shaggiest shaggy dog in existence—a vast, animated hearth-rug of a creature.

O'Brien, Michelin in hand, was looking forward to a cosy little chat with the chef on the respective virtues of *rognons flambés* and *volaille de perigord truffé*, and to airing his best French in the process. That best French seemed curiously to be missing its mark—a mystery which was solved when the waiter said in English: "I see your car was registered in Middlesex. I come from Chiswick myself."

It turned out that he had come to France as the result of an arrangement made between Sir Alexander Maxwell's British Travel and Holidays Association and the French authorities, to learn French cooking and French hotel management on the spot. Apparently French red tape with regard to a foreigner working in their country is even more exasperating than our own, but the idea is a splendid one if it will lead to a knowledge among English waiters of proper restaurant hotel-keeping, and both "Sandy" Maxwell and the young men who are going to France in this way are greatly to be congratulated.

I MUST record another defeat on the journey. After lunch I handed over the steering-wheel to my chauffeuses, "Bae" Lloyd and my wife, with instructions that we should set a direct course for Carcassone. When I awoke, I found that we were in Albi (at least 100 kms. out of our way), in which there is the Toulouse-Lautrec Museum, which these shameless young women had long previously decided to visit. But as Michelin says, it, and the cathedral, one of the most remarkable in Europe, do indeed "merit a detour." The Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition is a fascinating jumble (I say "jumble" advisedly, because the expensive catalogue bears no relationship to the pictures exhibited, all of them being out of order and some of them not marked at all) of La Goulou, Montmartre, Old Uncle Walter Chisholm, and all.

In Barcelona, where we met Selwyn, who had flown direct from the U.N.O. meeting in New York, we were taken by Cedric Salter, who probably knows Spain better than any other Englishman, to a real Flamenco party. Spanish gypsies are nowadays very temperamental and very spoilt. However, the magic of Cedric's expertise unlocked the door of their enthusiasm for us. We were all made to dance in turn by the old lady who ran the troupe—round as a barrel, and yet still magnificent in the movement of her hands, arms and feet.

There are two views on my own performance. The first is that of the old lady, who offered me an engagement at £20 a week to join her troupe. The second that of my companions, who swear that they had never laughed so much in their lives before. It is nice, I always feel, to give pleasure.

How dangerous it is ever to assume that strangers in a foreign country—or, indeed, in a restaurant or railway carriage at home—will know nothing of your friends. Within twenty-four hours and at the same table on the terrace of the Maricel, that lovely, but for its setting, its service and its cuisine, astonishingly cheap hotel, I had two examples of this. We happened to be discussing some Irish cousins, when an American lady at the next table who was a complete stranger said: "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation, but I was staying with Donough and Anne (the cousins in question) at Dromoland last week."

That same evening, Mr. H. C. McClelland, the retiring Consul-General in Barcelona, came with his wife to pay a courtesy call on Selwyn Lloyd. The lamps on our table on the terrace were not very bright, but I thought there was something familiar about him. After a while he leant forward and asked if I knew North Africa, and when I said "Yes," he asked: "Were you by any chance in Libya in 1937?"

He had been the Consul in Tripoli at the time of Mussolini's visit to open the great coastal motor road, and I remember him for two things—his kindness and hospitality to a very tired young man at the end of one of the most strenuous trips I have ever made in my life, and for the matter of the top-hat and morning-coat . . .

We were all invited to see a demonstration of Italian military and aerial strength in North Africa at a desolate point in the desert outside Tripoli. McClelland was being given a lift by his French colleague, who, to his surprise, turned up in a morning-coat and top-hat. The Frenchman pointed out that they had seats allotted to them in the "Tribune of Honour," and it was their duty to appear properly dressed. As France and Great Britain were closely allied against Italian pretensions in North Africa at that time, and as the Frenchman was the senior of the two, McClelland hastily changed into the same garb.

"The Tribune of Honour" turned out to be a trench, into which the two diplomats cautiously descended. The sun was infernally hot on the back of their necks, the earth shook with the destruction of a native village by the Italian Air Force, heavy machine-guns were fired over their heads, but the climax came when McClelland happened to turn round, and saw a battalion of the camel corps coming straight for them.

Diplomatic dignity has its limits. Top-hats disappeared into the bottom of the trench as the camels pounded over them. I knew this much of the story, but the sequel, which was that when they got back to their car they found that every drop of petrol had been siphoned out of it, and the two top-hatted Consuls had to push it under a blazing African sun through desert sand, I had not heard till McClelland told me the other night.

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"As I was saying, the functional stability of a toadstool depends upon the tensile strength of the supporting column. Therefore . . ."

Competitors outside the Sporting Club of Vichy, where they were entertained by the local Automobile Club. On the *right*, in the light coat, is M. R. Chauchat, General Secretary of the Automobile Club de Vichy.

THE G.B. CAR CLUB'S

London-Languedoc-Sète Touring Rally

August 18th—27th, 1953

THE London–Languedoc–Sète Touring Rally, sponsored and organised by the recently-formed G.B. Car Club, was a well-attended and most enjoyable affair from start to finish. Competitors set out from the Sidcup Road on the morning of August 18th for Dover, embarking on the new car ferry for Boulogne, where a Vin d'Honneur was arranged by the local Chamber of Commerce. At 5.30 p.m. that evening, the cars left for Vichy, some 370 miles away, travelling through the night and arriving at the Vichy control-point the next morning.

A whole day was spent at this lovely spa, and competitors were given a reception at the Sporting Club by the city's Automobile Club, followed by a special performance of French Ballet at the Vichy Casino. The following day, participants covered the 300 miles to Toulouse, where they spent the night preparatory to making the most arduous run of the whole Rally—the 120-mile journey to Andorra, in the heart of the Pyrenees, over a road rising to nearly 7,000 feet, before dropping down into the peaceful valley of Andorra itself.

The Sketch Challenge Trophy for the best and most sporting performance in the rally, irrespective of class.

There, the town turned out to welcome the competitors in grand style, and they were conducted to the House of Parliament for another Vin d'Honneur. Next day there were more mountains to climb on the way to Bourg Madame, on the Spanish frontier, and then on for another 200 miles through some of the loveliest scenery in Southern France to Sète, on the Mediterranean.

At Sète the Touring Rally officially ended and the car tests commenced. First came the braking test on a steep slope leading to the harbour. The next day, the regularity test was held, consisting of a double run over an 18-kilometre circuit in a given time. Finally came the parking test, in which competitors were required to reverse their cars so that the nearside wheels came to rest on a broad white line.

That evening there was the prize-giving by the Mayor of Sète, M. Gaston Escarguel, during which *The Sketch* Challenge Cup and replica were presented, and also a cup given by the Sindicat des Vermoutiers Français. A boat-trip around the lovely harbour was on the agenda for the next morning, followed by a visit to the cellars of the firm of A. Dejeau—one of the original makers of French Vermouth—where the visitors sampled and greatly enjoyed some of the firm's best products. Luncheon was held at the cellars of the celebrated firm of Noilly Prat, and was presided over by M. Marius Molinier. The day ended with a banquet, during which "Miss Rally" was elected, the winner being lovely Miss Fiona Macrae Taylor.

Next day the Concours d'Élégance was held. This was divided into two parts: first, the car only, and next, "the car and the lady." It was watched with great interest by the citizens of Sète at the Château d'Eau, and was judged by members of the Automobile Club de l'Herault et de l'Aveyron. This completed the competitive part of the Rally, and tired but enthusiastic participants proceeded to the cellars at Aspiran to taste "La Clavette," a Languedoc wine, and then back to Sète for a farewell party given by the Mayor.

A trip to Carcassone was the next step. On the way to this famous mediæval city, Rally drivers were entertained to luncheon at the Château le Nouvelle, at Tuchan, by the proprietor. Then through the foothills of the Hautes Corbières to Limoux, where a Vin d'Honneur awaited them, and the guests were given a sparkling white wine called Blanquette de Limoux before proceeding to the last banquet in the city of Carcassone, which ended the Rally. Participants had covered some 1300 miles—and the warmth of the hospitality they received throughout will remain firmly impressed on their minds for a long time to come.

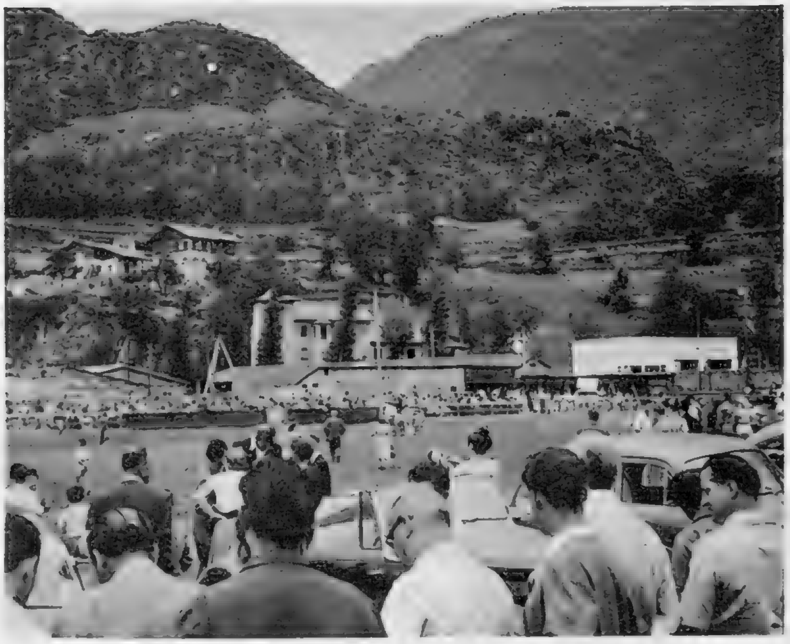
Cars lining-up at the control-point at the start of the Rally at Sidcup. In the first car, a Sunbeam Talbot, is Miss F. D. A. Howell, followed by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Volz in their Daimler, and at the rear Mr. R. V. W. Fairfield and Mr. R. Drewitt in their Triumph Dolomite Coupé.

Mr. Jack Oliver, one of the Touring Rally's organisers, displays *The Sketch* Challenge Trophy to the competitors as they enjoy their first Vin d'Honneur, arranged by the Local Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne.

A busy scene in the guarded car-park at Vichy on the morning that the competitors left for Toulouse.

A stop for lunch in a secluded spot at Aix-les-Thermes, on the lovely run from Toulouse to Andorra.

Cars drawn up at the French-Andorran frontier, over 5000 ft. up in the Pyrenees, where French Customs officers levied the exit tax.



Competitors arriving at the stadium in Andorra are welcomed by the city's Sindic-General. Here, they were presented with pennants for their cars.

Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Portham, secretary of the Rally Organising Committee, checks on competitors arriving at Sète at an improvised "office" on the quay.

The small main Place of Andorra-la-Vieille crammed with Rally cars while their owners attend a Vin d'Honneur in Parliament House.

Mr. P. W. Gough leaves his Ford *Zephyr* after completing the parking test, which was nearly as much trouble to the judges as to the competitors.

A Standard *Vanguard* Saloon driven by Dr. J. H. Wardrop arrives at the control-point at Sète at the end of the Touring Rally.

A car takes the braking test on a steep hill leading to Sète harbour, while local residents look on with great interest and much amusement.

Mr. D. Pownall, of Cheadle Hulme, Manchester, winner of Class I. in his Morris *Minor*, was also winner of *The Sketch* Challenge Trophy for the best all-round performance. Here he is seen being presented with the cup by the Mayor of Sète ; and (*smaller picture*) competing in the parking test.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore in their M.G. at the Concours d'Elégance during the second division : "the car and the lady."

The little Rénault, the smallest car in the Rally. It was driven throughout by Miss P. Norman, with Mrs. J. L. Coombes as passenger.

Left : Mr. P. Rawlin, *right*, with his Sunbeam Talbot 90 which won the Concours d'Elégance and was a constant object of admiration throughout the Rally.

Right : Competitors relaxing aboard the boat which took them around the lovely harbour of Sète after the competitive side of the Rally was over

Our Bookshelf

HARVEST MOON. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (*Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.*)

LESSER FLEAS. By G. R. H. Ellis. (*Hutchinson ; 10s. 6d.*)

LADIES WITH A UNICORN. By Monica Stirling. (*Victor Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

IT would manifestly be absurd to assume that a new novel by Rupert Croft-Cooke could be of no special interest to regular readers of *The Sketch*, already aware of the amazing variety of subjects he can handle with power and authority. In *Harvest Moon*, set in and around a Kentish village during a fortnight of the hop-picking season, he has succeeded in giving us an intimate picture of the easy-going, kindly, well-balanced farmer, Dick Farthing, a man of true integrity, not necessarily dull because fundamentally decent ; and of Clare, his more articulate wife, still quaintly guided by conventional good manners remembered from the nursery :

> *As far back as childhood's invitations to another little girl to " come to tea " . . . the absurd ritual of invitation and acceptance, of entertaining, had been sacred.*

But Clare can also be swifter on the psychological uptake than her husband : " He 'll grow out of it," he says of an alarming timidity in their little son Christopher, and she replies :

> *" I don't like those words, Dick. I have a feeling they've been used too often. . . . Little Judas Iscariot and baby Nero were sure to grow out of it when they got older."*

Our mobile author travels on to the inn for a glimpse of a group of Cockneys down for the hop-picking, touching with affectionate laughter on their loyalty to the cramped little backstreet homes they come from and go back to, and their delighted reactions to murder as an unlooked-for bonus to their annual " beanfeast " ; then swings his shaft over the fields to illuminate with inside knowledge the painted wagons of the gypsies who also turn up at Nine Score Farm every year : Barnabas, Old Bohemia, Nelson, beautiful Melly ; not " picturesque " gypsies with an idiom conscientiously Borrowed to go with fancy-dress, for as he has shown deep sympathy with the gorgio point of view, equally he has a passionate understanding of the tribe's ancient traditions, their fiery pride and basic kinship with the earth, their simple bewilderment at the edict that when in Rome (and Kent) they must *not* continue to do as the Romani do.

Yet the real underlying theme of *Harvest Moon* is a deadly fear of being afraid. Once upon a time the old-fashioned villain of melodrama with his " ha-ha, the maiden is in my power," was allowed no redeeming feature ; in this more modern era of our tolerance, we are continually bidden to remember how good he was to his mother, how he loved all the wee bairns, how he died to save another, and how his upbringing was partly to blame. . . . But Rupert Croft-Cooke concedes nothing to this amiable psychology of light and shade ; his Dyce Creston, if not Satan himself, is certainly possessed by Satan ; evil incarnate, he reduces his jackal, David Winters, to a state of pitiable terror, a man robbed of his birthright and his dignity ; not till the thug lies murdered, is he able to lift himself out of hell :

> *He wanted only to become that creature whom he had once thought the most mythical of all the monsters, the little man, John Citizen, the norm, the pattern, the unexceptional middle man. He wanted to lose himself in a very sea of commonplace events and people and never emerge again.*

The description of how he sat in the train on his way to this fresh start as an ordinary man—" ordinary, that blessed word "—savouring each small detail of the routine ahead of him, is written with a tenderness and imagination which makes this perhaps the most moving passage in the book.

THE author of *Lesser Fleas* is a satirist in the sense of believing that every human being who is not merely futile and ridiculous, must be a hypocrite or an impostor or a self-seeking egoist ; and while seeming to connive at their antics, continues to expose them. A sentimentalist is supposed to be the exact opposite of all this ; yet how is it that J. M. Barrie, for instance, in the last scene of *Mary Rose*, achieves a cynicism far more devastating than of any established cynic ? Probably because in the good, genuine, honest-hearted people of his play, we had not been led to expect such a shocking exposure of love gone flat down the years of mourning for Mary Rose, so when it suddenly displays itself, it slips under our guard. But in *Lesser Fleas* it would be sheer relief if at some point we could clap loudly to show we believed in fairies . . . as we seek in vain for the required contrast of even one good, genuine, honest-hearted character among all the swindling crowd assembled to work out how to cash in on their racket, profitably combining spurious genius with spurious hæmorrhage : Big fleas have little fleas upon their back to bite 'em. Apart, however, from his failure to gate-crash our emotions, Mr. G. R. H. Ellis has given us a book so clever in construction, so mordant and, withal, so irresistibly funny, that it is difficult to believe it can be his first novel.

FINE ART.
From Ronald Searle's *Souls in Torment* (Perpetua/Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.), in the course of which that versatile artist has disposed, finally, firmly, once and for all, of that irresistible brood of impenitents known as the Searle schoolgirls before they shattered foundations more fundamental than those of St. Trinian's. This, he announces, will be positively their last appearance in book form.

WE could wish that Miss Monica Stirling, with her gift of light-hearted irony, her endearing habit of witty irrelevance, had openly consented to take office as the author of *Ladies with a Unicorn*, instead of ostensibly handing over the job to a deputy narrator, Françoise Joubert, who, while acutely observant of the three other ladies with a unicorn (in this case, a film director), is too fiercely bent on plugging away to convince us of her own total lack of attraction. Anyhow, the first-person-singular device can be somewhat dangerous, as when Françoise quite accidentally overhears *two* of the " unicorn's " major love-scenes, with Peggy Latour and with Anna Maria Minsell ; to do so once, as Lady Bracknell might have said, could seem like carelessness, but twice begins to be tarnished with a suspicion of eavesdropping.

There are no reliable sources of information as to how an author can invest her novel's heroine with charm ; but Anna Maria, newly-arrived in Rome to star in a film, really does qualify for the award ; with her curious round-eyed wonder of a child, united with the " intransigence of adolescence," her sturdy capacity for recognising what is truly worth-while, and an absurd but lovable illusion that she herself can always be found on the " sensible side " of things :

> *I don't think I even* appreciate *extravagance properly, except among fish, of course. . . . I've been interested in fishes for years. Sometimes I'm afraid it's practically an obsession.* And *their habits really* are *extravagant.*

Valeria, Princess Girafalcone, is represented as a personage and an aristocrat, a showman and an over-talkative ass on a truly colossal scale ; Peggy, the escaped wife of Michael Latour, is an impudent chit, spoilt, shrewd and somehow nice ; but Anna Maria is delectable for many more subtle reasons than can be conveyed by brief quotation, and we find it therefore oddly satisfying that the unicorn, that fabulous beast, should ultimately choose her lap, none other, to lay his head.

Rome is the girl's only formidable rival in careless enchantment ; and Miss Stirling captures the soul of Rome Ancient and Modern, by a method which every now and then happily reminds us of Miss Rose Macaulay's masterly idiosyncratic technique of *listing*, instead of laboriously describing, what her characters see and hear ; a cumulative effect that if widely adopted among less skilful writers, might bring the reader to screaming-point.

As for the dialogue, it can be explained perhaps in terms of Anna Maria eating a melon at her first Roman dinner :

> *It was lovely ; pale green ivory smooth outside, clear bright gold inside, firm to the spoon, but dissolving on the tongue into rivulets of iced sweetness.*

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

KILLERS IN AFRICA.
By Alexander Lake. (*W. H. Allen ; 18s.*)

THE SECOND HAPPIEST DAY.
By John Phillips. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

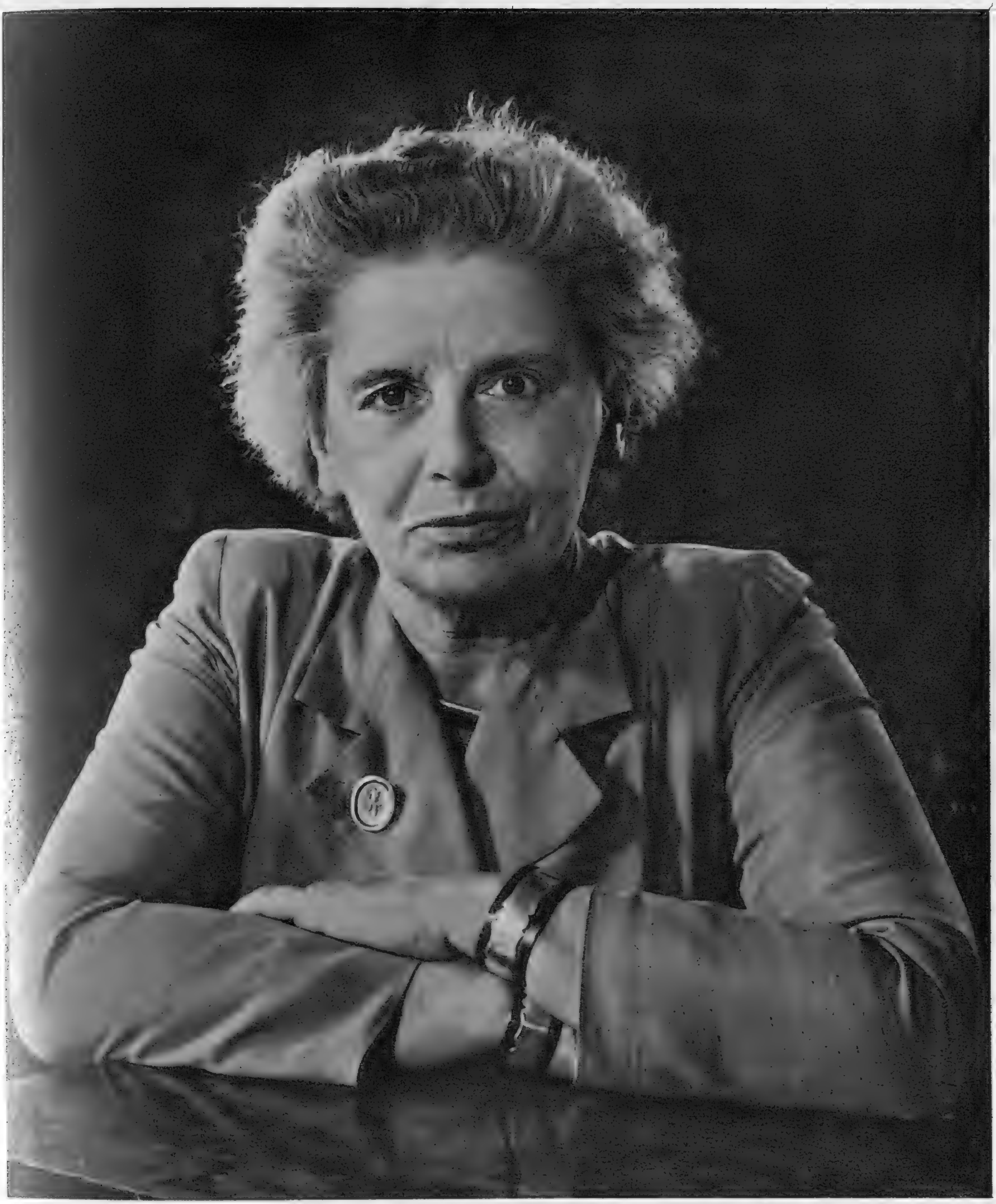
PRINCE OF PLAYERS : EDWIN BOOTH.
By Eleanor Ruggles. (*Peter Davies, Ltd. ; 15s.*)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER.
By Eleanor Lowthrop. (*Wm. Heinemann ; 15s.*)

WILLIAM GODWIN AND HIS WORLD.
By Rosalie Glynn Grylls. (*Odhams Press ; 21s.*)

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS.
By Ewen Montague. (*Evans Bros., Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.*)

WE BOUGHT AN ISLAND.
By Evelyn Richardson. (*Christopher Johnson ; 16s.*)

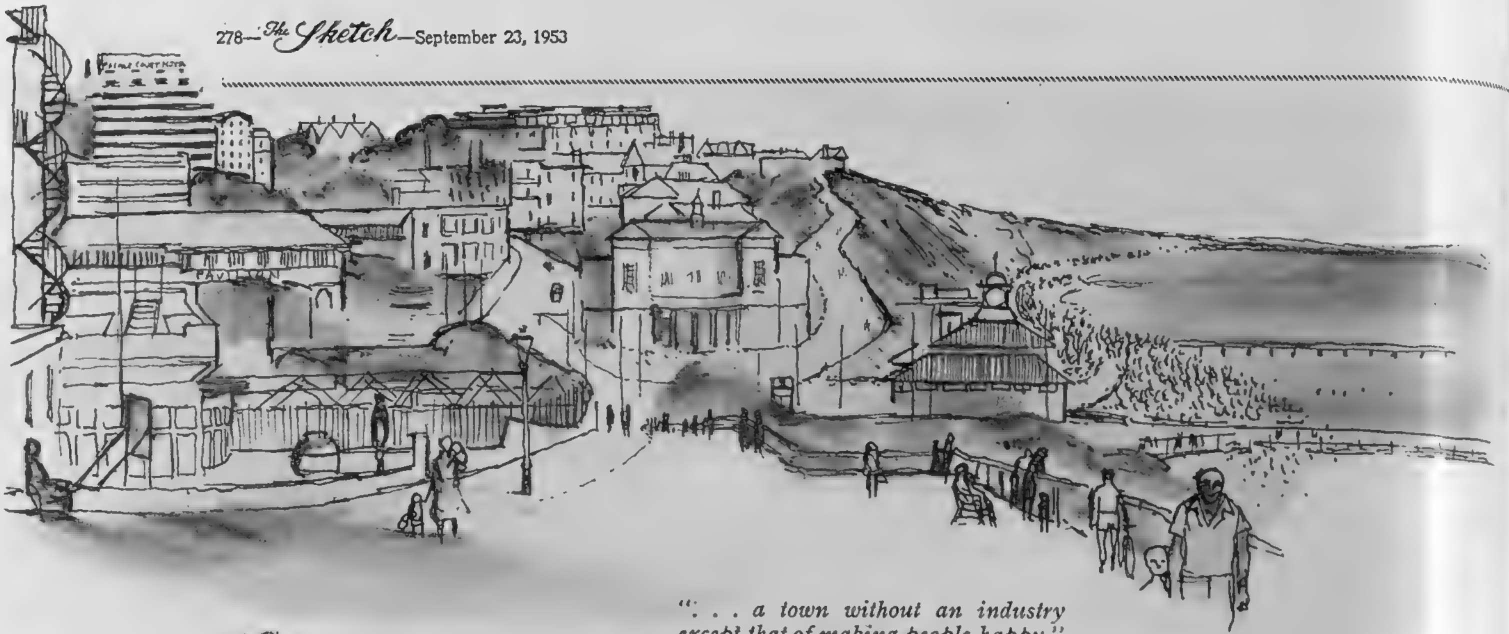


Personality Parade—7

MISS REBECCA WEST

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Rebecca West is the pen-name of Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews, born Cicily Fairfield, daughter of an Irish father and a Scottish mother in London in 1892. After a typically thorough Scottish education in Edinburgh, she started her career in 1911 as a reviewer for *Freewoman*, and the following year was writing competent political articles for *The Clarion*. This early augur of an out-of-the-ordinary ability at a time when rather sugary romantic novels were held to be the special prerogative of women writers was abundantly proved in the years that followed. Her thought-provoking literary criticisms and political essays in leading English and American newspapers are written with force and penetration. Her books have been many and varied and all quite outstanding: the latest, *The Meaning of Treason*, published in 1949, is a deeply-thought-out study of men like William Joyce and Dr. Fuchs. At sixty, Miss West likes to work in the peaceful surroundings of her farm near High Wycombe; but the gaze she turns upon the world and the people in it has lost nothing of its intensity, and the pen with which she records her impressions has lost nothing of its power.



". . . a town without an industry except that of making people happy."

CANDID COMMENTARIES : By CREDENDUS

Bournemouth Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

Clock golf and putting.

Any more for the *Skylark* ?

The zigzag path at East Cliff.

"YOU know, on the whole, the men in Bournemouth are repulsive-looking creatures." This outrageous remark was made to me without any provocation on my part. It came from a Bournemouth female who prided herself upon her knowledge of men, the type of woman that regards marriage as a kind of emotional surrender, with divorce a realisation of her surrender value. Indignantly I surveyed the beach. The scene silenced any protest. Masculine physiognomy in the near-nude is far from impressive even in Bournemouth. The horizon seemed full of sagging cheeks, bulbous noses, bloodshot eyes, florid complexions, knotted Adam's apples, figures overlapping deck-chairs and stomachs that rested on knees.

Such remarks may seem unkind to Bournemouth, a town without an industry except that of making people happy. Even though I have known it for years, I am still appreciative of its romantic chines and ravines, the heather and gorse of its extensive park-spaces, the endless trail of people winding through the Central Square, and have spent more time than I care to admit idling about its six-mile bathing beach. Bournemouth exercises a magnetic influence over visitors. I can understand its appeal, but I am also conscious of its portentous trivialities. It contains a mixture of cosmopolitan escapism with a high percentage of poseurs.

During my stay I came across a quota of cranks, crocks, and cynics. There was the elderly snob who aimed at superficial respectability. Then those closeted as permanent residents of hotels or superior lodging-houses: their routine never changed—night after night they played bridge at threepence a hundred. Jaded widows dealt cards with fingers that looked naked. I went to a cocktail party given by one of the town's charming citizens. It attracted the usual individuals who react in peculiar fashion at the thought of a glass of sherry, an olive, a cheese straw, and an impaled dwarf sausage. The room was besieged by gay butterflies and glossy ravens. To appear gaily inebriate seemed to be the ambition of several people who were the models of propriety in their own homes. In the midst of this wassailing and brittle wit, I studied some of the females. Bournemouth women are no different from those of Torquay, Southport, Scarborough, Frinton, or even Kensington. As usual, the quieter ones were expected to act as a foil, an unsuccessful echo, a mere appendage to the triumph of their prettier sisters who possessed more of what economists call "effective demand." It seems that the spoils must always fall to the more predatory spear.

Peace in a cliff-top shelter.

There was the type quite common in Bournemouth, the female who has reached the time of life when the years lap the forty-mark, but never quite get there. Her conversation was half-a-pitch higher than her companion's, who, in turn, was out to impress. She had shapely legs, an overdressed body surmounted by a pair of limp Slavonic eyes that expected a proposal of marriage, or something like that, from every man they met. And there was the modest variety who had mastered the art of enhancing her charm by pretending to be unaware of it. I thought how fortunate it was that her husband had a brain for hereditary purposes.

So far I have dealt with the faintly irritating aspects of life in Bournemouth. Another of a different sort coloured my stay. It was nearing the end of the summer. Schools were shortly restarting, and the hotel had its quota of children. Now the charm of having youngsters home from school has a tendency to wear off. It is not that affection lessens. On the contrary, the bond is strengthened. Rather is it an inward resentment at living in an atmosphere of perpetual movement. Doors were shut with all the forcefulness of a hearty slam. Practical jokes never ended. Then there was the extraordinary phenomenon of footwear. It was difficult to believe sometimes that a child was only wearing one pair of shoes. Probably science can explain how an adult weighing 15 stone could walk across the floor above my bedroom without rocking the electric fittings, yet a lad aged twelve years almost made concrete vibrate.

One day I did enjoy . . . a glorious day stolen from midsummer . . . when we went for a picnic near Ringwood. Now picnic baskets have a spell of their own. Hard-boiled eggs are hardly a delicacy, yet they taste differently when eaten in the open air, particularly if the salt is produced in a screw of newspaper. Nobody wishes to devour sandwiches for ever, but it is remarkable how delectable two smeary pieces of bread encasing unappetising cold beef can become when eaten by the side of a car. The meal has almost sacramental significance. As a connoisseur once remarked, the essential quality of a picnic is the doing of perfectly normal things in an abnormal place or manner. It is that quality that appeals so strongly to youth, the mental picture of adults squatting in a circle round baskets and glasses and bottles.

I enjoyed my stay in Bournemouth. The memory is one that must remain until next summer, for already there is a tinge of autumn in the air. In countless dormitories, those heavy-booted youngsters are now solemnly marking calendars with red or blue pencils. Those marks mean so many days to Christmas. Alongside that prospect even the genders of Latin nouns and the beach of Bournemouth are of small consequence.

Above:

Refuge in playing draughts on the pier.

Left:

Mid-morning conference—what next?

Below:

St. Peter's overlooks the Arcade.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Helena, Nora, and Penelope

All's Well That Ends Well
(Old Vic)

THIS minor Shakespearean comedy, rare in our theatre, must be always an acquired taste. I have long acquired it, though for the wrong reasons, holding that its attraction—for me, at any rate—depends less on the character of Helena, who has been much over-lauded, or on the humour (Parolles is often trite, Lavache the dreariest of all the jesters), than upon a scatter of exquisite lines and the autumnal beauty of two of its personages: the King of France (" I fill a place, I know 't "), and the Countess of Rossillion, Shakespeare's most endearing *grande dame*.

It was curious, then, to come from the Vic, remembering, first, the Parolles, that tongue-curling braggart, a partner of Ancient Pistol, who is so cruelly shown up for what he is. Michael Hordern, playing the pretentious ass with beautiful comic precision (and making the most of " Simply the thing I am shall make me live ") takes the night with ease: no surprise to those who have watched Mr. Hordern since his famous Ivanov at the Arts. He bore away the Stratford season of 1952, and since then there has been a fine series of sound-radio performances (including the Captain in Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*). His Parolles, with its bogus man-of-the-world flaunt, is his best work in the theatre since he animated Sir Politick Would-Be.

There are other agreeable things in Michael Benthall's production (set by Osbert Lancaster, with James Bailey's permanent façade and proscenium). Fay Compton's Countess has the grand manner; and Claire Bloom can speak and look Helena, though she is an oddly cold actress. It takes a lot to make me love Helena, a little opportunist if ever there was one. John Neville (Bertram), with that revealing cry, " O my Parolles, they have married me! " is one of the truest speakers in a cast graced further by the playing of Gwen Cherrell, William Squire, and Edgar Wreford.

Where the production crumples so badly is in the scenes for the King of France. There should be a gentle autumnal quality in those early passages. For those who recall, say, Neil Porter at Stratford in 1935, it was agonising to watch Laurence Hardy involved in plummy pantomime fooling as a senile dodderer, wearing a nightgown and borne on a litter, given to violent groaning, and attended by a troupe of doctors and a sycophantic Court. This is a ridiculous bit of production. It may be held that the plot is ridiculous already, but why go to these excesses? The treatment here is quite insensitive. Mr. Hardy is a good actor, and no doubt he could have played the King " straight " without difficulty, though I would have done a certain amount of reshuffling with the available cast.

Happily, Mr. Benthall and the actor, Timothy Bateson, have kept that dim fellow Lavache under restraint. The text throughout has been clipped with some tact. We lose the Duke of Florence, and also " moist Hesperus " from Helena's couplets. I am sorry that the Gentle Astringer is not given his proper title: he is a pleasant man to encounter in a Marseilles street. There is no reason at all for the comic-strip Maudlin Lafew in the last scene. Mr. Benthall, clearly with no belief in the play, has resolved now and again to jolly it along. But, secondary work though it is, it can stand by itself without too much " fairy-tale " fantastication. We are very grateful to the Vic for its resolve to go through the Folio; but we shall be less grateful if there is a resolve to help the dramatist by botching his effects. Still, no more grumbles. We have a Parolles who can help the text; we have Helena's lines spoken with clarity; and we have a variety of lively incidentals. It is not altogether well; but it might be much worse, and at the première the Old Vic audience greeted it with the glorious noise that is always exciting to hear, though it is, I am afraid, no real index to the quality of a performance.

A Doll's House
(Lyric, Hammersmith)

AN education in the theatre is incomplete without a visit to *A Doll's House*, without watching Nora dance the tarantella, and without hearing the door-slam that raps home one of the most renowned domestic dramas in the theatre of the world. It is surprising that we have this particular lesson so rarely. I remember three London revivals during fourteen years; but we should meet the play every year or so. It has a testing part for an actress; it is an astonishing exhibition of craftsmanship; and, more than this, it is an exciting play. Why, then, have we lately had so little of it? Possibly because the dramatist is Ibsen, and there is a feeling that Ibsen's name in the theatre sounds too much like hard work. I hope that is not so. Playgoers should know how rewarding he can be, and our playwrights can still go to him to learn how to manage their task. He would probably have curdled with horror at the way in which Mr. Eliot has cobbled up the little comedy of *The Confidential Clerk* (now at the Lyric Theatre); even our more practised dramatists might startle him.

Fay Compton, one of the most distinguished actresses of her time, returns now to Old Vic Shakespeare as the Countess in *All 's Well That Ends Well* and as the Queen (*above*) in *Hamlet*. She is the sister of Sir Compton Mackenzie and comes from a famous theatrical family; her long run of parts has included such various characters as Ophelia (to the Hamlet of John Barrymore and John Gielgud), Barrie's Mary Rose, Shakespeare's Regan and Shaw's Candida. Her next part at the Vic (where she had appeared once only, in 1940) will be Constance in *King John*.

The major passage in *A Doll's House* is the third act. Nora's door-slam sounded through Europe. Ibsen who, later in life, disliked the label of doctrinal dramatist, must surely have had more in mind than Nora Helmer's escape from her husband's home. Nora to us must still personify Woman in Revolt. This last act is played at Hammersmith as effectively as it should be, by Mai Zetterling, the Swedish actress, and by a young actor from Denmark, Mogens Weith, who for once makes a figure of Torvald, so often acted as a mere pasteboard profile. Torvald is relentlessly smug. His wife, he holds, is a doll to be played with; she is a squirrel, a skylark, anything but an intelligent woman, a partner to be treated as a partner. And when Nora proves that he is wrong, the world of this blundering egotist melts around him. Mogens Weith, who speaks perfectly-modulated English, and whose face is uncommonly expressive, is Torvald to a hair; I have never known the part more truthfully handled. And Mai Zetterling can bring off the third act. Indeed, once Nora is desperate, no complaints. Earlier, the actress skips and prattles tediously. When tragedy looms, she holds the stage and our minds.

For some reason, Peter Ashmore—a producer of known perception—has elected to take us into the Helmers' bedroom for the third act. Now this is a stage apartment that I feel should be as rigorously off-stage as Duncan's bed-chamber. We are alarmed to find it included in Reece Pemberton's composite set which contrives to get us into sitting-room, bedroom and hall. And we are more surprised when, during the crucial scene of the last act, we have to go to the bedroom angled across the corner of the stage. Miss Zetterling and Mr. Weith get the scene over to us; but there is no reason why they should have to play puss-in-the-corner. We are watching the play in the theatre; and it should be presented theatrically which here, surely, means in the centre of the stage. Elsewhere, Mr. Ashmore's production is properly deft; and Rosalie Crutchley—firmly in key as Mrs. Linde—George Rose and Michael Goodliffe help to send the piece along.

A Doll's House is still a great experience in the theatre (and, believe me, I am watching my epithets). There is no need to remind playgoers that it has nothing to do with events at the Coliseum, though I should not be alarmed to hear that some determined librettist in New York is looking already for a rhyme to " macaroon." I thought I had one for him on the following night, at *Bruno and Sidney* (a pathetic American farce—Phœnix Theatre), that left me limp with wonder. Someone mentioned " smackeroons " in this; but I may have got it wrong. And the farce came and went so quickly that I have had no time to confirm.

Penelope
(Arts Theatre Club)

MAUGHAM'S very early comedy (1908-1909) has an amusing exposition that involves copies of the *Morning Post*, the *Church Times*, the *Law Times* and *The Athenæum*, as well as glasses of port, barley-water and whisky-and-soda, and a cup of strong tea. There are some gay " turns " in a doctor's consulting-room. And there are large tracts of a mild artificial comedy that, thanks to a first-rate production (Walter Hudd's) and a long series of performances (by Pauline Jameson, Michael Gwynn and Maxine Audley, for example), appears to be more fruitful than it is. The third act is just padding. The play has already ended, and this is Maugham trying to stop us from noticing the fact. However . . . the acting, I repeat, is devilish good, and that is something to cheer.

Lieutenant C. W. D. Morgan, on *Owenmore*, passes Harewood House at the beginning of the gruelling 17-mile course. He went round brilliantly, but thirty faults in the show jumping put him out of the running.

Miss V. Pardoe, on *Garth Royal*, clears the 2 ft. 9 in. post-and-rails (larch) at the small quarry and faces the steep downhill run before climbing again to the 3-ft. birch fence (another downhill landing) about 50 yards further on.

The official programme succinctly described this obstacle as "steps with right-angle turn to left," and as this picture was taken, Miss D. Mason, on *Tramella*, had successfully clambered to the top. This was obstacle No. 12 . . .

. . . and then came No. 13, which was equally succinctly described as "pile of logs at bottom of slide, 3 ft. 6 ins." Miss Jean Bennett, on *Sandy Boy*, came down the bare-earth slide. Many other riders preferred a grass path just off the picture to the left.

HAREWOOD THREE-DAY EVENT

The second day (September 4th) of the British Horse Society's Three-Day Horse Trials at Harewood, Yorks, saw the field thinned to nineteen riders—eleven women and eight men—for the difficult endurance, speed and cross-country tests over more than 17 miles. The course, with its steep gradients and awkward fences, was acknowledged by experts to be somewhat more arduous than Badminton.

Miss V. I. Machin-Goodall, of Great Henny, near Sudbury, Suffolk, who rides with the East Essex Foxhounds and is now in her twenty-third season of show jumping, won the event and became the first woman ever to win a three-day trial. On her chestnut gelding *Neptune*, 17 h.h., she had a troublesome ride on the first day in the dressage tests, but had a great second day, collecting 42 bonus points and securing a comfortable lead, which she maintained throughout the final show jumping. She regarded her win and the success of other women riders as an argument in favour of opening the Olympics fully to women, who are only admitted for dressage and show-jumping.

The Princess Royal, under whose presidency and on whose estate the trials took place, was out watching events at various points during the three days, and the Earl and Countess of Harewood, and the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort were also in attendance.

The course was divided into five phases, and in the greying gloom of the later afternoon we had the unusual sight of two horses finishing together. *Left*: Mr. Brian Young, on Miss J. B. Johnson's *Radar*, and *right*: Mr. C. Moffat, on Mr. P. W. Eardley-Hayward's *Henrietta*.

[Continued overleaf.

Mr. L. E. Snowden (*left*), joint hon. sec. of the Trials, had a party of twelve. Seated on his left, *l. to r.*, were Mrs. Lance Newton, wife of the Leicestershire farmer and race-horse owner ; Mr. Basil Lister, over from Carlow, Ireland ; Miss Biddy Clowes, who rode Mr. J. R. Hindley's *Stealaway* that afternoon ; Mr. Geoffrey Hustler, a regular member of the Bramham Moor Hunt, and Mrs. L. E. Snowden.

At dinner, *l. to r. round table* : Mrs. Lisney, sister of Mrs. J. R. Hindley ; Mr. David Yorke ; Mrs. Reg Hindley ; Mr. Jock Yorke, a Joint Master of the Pendle Forest and Craven Harriers ; Mr. Geoffrey Raynar, of Breton Hall, near York, also well known in hunting circles ; Miss Ann Yorke, and Mr. H. Hindley, one of whose hunters was used to try the course to ensure that the fences were jumpable.

Three-Day Event Ball

On the evening of the second day (September 4th) of the British Horse Society's Three-Day Trials at Harewood, there was a brilliantly successful dinner and dance to mark the occasion at the Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate, which, in the hands of its prize-winning gardener, Mr. W. Foster, had become a fairyland of floral delight. About 250 guests were present, including many of the riders who had endured such a strenuous time over the obstacles shown on the previous page, but who, nevertheless, happily showed no signs of their afternoon tribulations.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Out of riding kit and into far more glamorous evening gowns were these three competitors, all of whom did outstandingly well in the Trials. *L. to r.*: Miss Patricia Sutcliffe, who rode Commander G. Lee-Morris' bay gelding *Can-Can*, Miss Margaret Hough, who rode her own bay mare *Bambi V.*, which was reserve horse for the British Team at the Olympics, Helsinki, and Mrs. J. A. Guinness, who rode her own bay gelding *Jupiter*.

At one end of the lounge the Old Swan gardener had surpassed himself with his floral decorations, which included here even a "mirror" pond. Admiring the effect were Mr. W. J. Shelton and Miss M. C. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson, well known in art circles in London, with their son Peter and daughter Jennifer, who had two horses in the Trials: *Cransden Lady*, ridden by herself, and *Radar*, ridden by Mr. Brian Young, which has been offered for use by the British team if required.

Sampling a new cocktail, "Veronica," and finally approving of it, Miss Flavia Hinchcliffe and Mr. George Little. The jubilant Old Swan barman earlier that same evening had won the Harrogate Professional Bartenders' Cocktail Challenge Cup for the second year in succession.

The Organisers, l. to r.: Mr. J. R. Hindley, Mr. J. A. Leavey, Mr. Yates, Mrs. D. F. Fitzroy, Mr. J. N. Cameron, Mr. Geoffrey Wright and Mr. L. E. Snowden—and they had a highly successful Three-Day Trial and Ball to their lasting credit.

Floral decorations abounded even in the lounge, which was completely away from the dance floor. *L. to r.:* Miss Penny Herbert, Mr. Sandy Henderson, Miss Margaret Clifton-Brown and Mr. Christopher Robinson.

Early out on the dance floor after dinner were Miss Mary Stott and Mr. Bryan Walker.

In really festive mood at dinner: *Clockwise:* Major J. C. Hunter (*foreground*), in earlier years always one of the best to hounds, Mrs. Legard, Colonel Whetstone, Mrs. J. C. Hunter, Colonel Legard, who presented a cup for the winner (Major F. Weldon on *Kilbarry*) of the dressage on the first day, Miss Margaret Ljungberg from Sweden, Mr. Whetstone and Mme. Zbroski.

Clockwise round the table from left: Mr. J. R. Hindley, captain of the British team at Helsinki and Director of the Harewood Trials, Mrs. Yorke, Mr. J. A. Leavey, Miss Jackie Carlisle, Mr. K. A. Lidgertwood, Mrs. K. A. Lidgertwood, Mr. Beckett Henderson (*back to camera*) and Mrs. J. A. Leavey.

Sitting on the stairs were Miss Jean Higham of Clitheroe and Major John Birtwistle, a well-known point-to-point rider in Yorkshire, who also hunts with the Bramham.

Mrs. George Armitage (*extreme right*) had a party of eight at dinner. *Clockwise:* Mr. John Pugh (*back to the camera*), Mrs. Neville Whittingham, Mr. Edward Niven, Mrs. John Pugh, Colonel George Armitage, hon. surgeon at the Trials, Mrs. Edward Niven and Mr. Neville Whittingham.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Are "Westerns" Perfect Cinema?

Shane

(*Plaza*)

IT is arguable that Westerns, beside being the oldest and most consistently popular, are also the most perfect examples of cinematic art. Their plots contain all the elements of classic drama; they make full use of the moving-picture camera; and they could not satisfactorily be presented in any medium other than the cinema.

Westerns vary from the very simple, such as *Hopalong Cassidy*, to the highly sophisticated, such as *Stagecoach* and *The Gunfighter*. George Stevens' *Shane* belongs to the latter order. Without losing a particle of excitement, without ever being less than first-class entertainment, it is sophisticated almost to the point of self-consciousness. One can imagine Mr. Stevens sitting down and deliberately saying: "I am now going to make a highbrow Western of supreme excellence." Which, in effect, is what he did.

On to the old plain story of good men *versus* bad men, of a hero who prevents a small group of villainous cattlemen from running a family of peaceful homesteaders off their land, a score of subtle tricks of sound and image have been grafted. One remembers tiny figures riding across huge landscapes, the feet of fighters slipping in the mud as they close in deadly struggle, horses kicking and neighing in panic while their owners fight, silhouetted mourners at a funeral on a bare hillside, a young boy, embarrassed by his elders' grief, turning away to stroke a calf, small snatches of nostalgic tunes, an echo from the blue mountains that mocks the cry of a human voice. The hero himself, who comes mysteriously from nowhere, admits to no identity by the single name of Shane, reluctantly takes up his guns to defend his friends, and then, his work done, rides off again to nowhere, is as deliberate a conception of its kind as Mr. Pym who once Passed By, or the Stranger in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

Shane is primarily a director's piece, but it should prove a people's piece as well. It has a strong story and an impeccable cast. Alan Ladd, in the name-part, gives a performance better than anything he has done since *This Gun for Hire*. Van Heflin, as the peaceful farmer who learns to like and respect Shane, Jean Arthur as the farmer's wife who is too loyal to admit, even to herself, that she half-loves him, and young Brandon de Wilde as the nine-year-old boy who frankly idolises the stranger, contrive to suggest a true family group, and a shared home-life well worth struggling to perpetuate.

The scenery is magnificent, the action moves steadily and firmly to an explosive climax, and the *feeling* of life in a pioneer settlement, just before the turn of the century, is beautifully and delicately established. *Shane* is no haphazard piece of entertainment, but a very artful product of some thirty years' experience in the development of Westerns. To my mind George Stevens and his colleagues have given us one of the ten best Westerns ever, out of the many hundreds I have seen.

The Sword and the Rose

(*General release in October*)

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE is a mild historical romance, made for Walt Disney in England by a British director (Ken Annakin), with British players (Glynis Johns, Richard Todd, Michael Gough, James Robertson Justice). It is based on a popular novel of the 1890's, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* (long ago filmed under that title with Marion Davies), which was based, in its turn, upon the few known facts about the love-story of Mary Tudor, the young sister of King Henry the Eighth.

Mary, it seems, was a mettlesome wench, who knew what she wanted to get, and got it. She submitted to a distasteful marriage of convenience with the old and decrepit Louis XII. of France; on the understanding that, if and when she survived him, she should be allowed to take, in second marriage, the husband of her choice. Survive him she did, and thereupon entered into wedlock with an English commoner named Charles Brandon, who was promptly created Duke of Suffolk by Bluff King Hal.

The film, of course, adds its own accessories to the story; a royal game of shuttlecock; a wrestling match, in which the horrid foreign challengers are quite outclassed; a daring French dance called the lavolta, in which the male partner puts his arm round the lady's waist, and actually swings her in the air; a smoothly malevolent Duke of Buckingham, who will stop at no skulduggery to get the Princess Mary for himself; a picturesque hero who can contrive a perfectly metrical sonnet for his lady-love upon request.

The chief advantage of seeing *The Sword and the Rose* is that with it you can catch the latest of Walt Disney's enchanting nature films. This one is called *Water Birds*, and deals, with affection, humour, kindness, patient observation and a miraculous sense of rhythm, with the different species of birds that live by sea, river and marsh; showing how they fly, mate, feed, plunge into the water like torpedoes or rise from the surface like a great curtain.

The matching of the various movements with music is a small work of genius; the photography is quite remarkable; and I do not see how anyone could fail to be charmed by the picture, whether he is an ornithologist, a balletomane, or simply an admirer of the ducks on the Round Pond.

Laughing Anne

(*Leicester Square*)

HERBERT WILCOX'S *Laughing Anne* is a very free adaptation of a short story by Joseph Conrad called *Because of the Dollars*. It deals with a schooner captain who meets a derelict French singer in one of the less reputable cafés of the Java coast. She stows away in his ship, and distinctly friendly relations are established on the way to Singapore. There she leaves him and goes back to the broken-down boxer she consorts with, and a life of qualified sin. Six years later the captain meets Laughing Anne again, in a steamy up-river settlement, where he has been sent to collect a cargo of dollars. By now she is only a feverish ghost of her old self, but she summons up enough spirit to save the dollars from seizure by the boxer and his vicious confederates, and lose her life in doing so.

The Conrad story, a very short one, dealt only with the second half of the plot: the attempt on the dollars and the murder of Laughing Anne. Everything that goes before this in the film has been patched on to explain the characters and the situation; and the cloth does not wholly match. There is really no place in a Conrad story for the Cockney humours of Ronald Shiner, however much one may enjoy them; and Wendell Cory's stiff performance of the Captain as a lover seems hardly consistent with the swift burgeoning of passion.

There is, however, always Margaret Lockwood, and her Laughing Anne manages to be both vivid and touching. The last two reels contrive to catch the atmosphere of the steaming jungle, as well as the tension that Conrad's little story conveyed so powerfully, and the Technicolor photography is unusually restrained and fine.

People Who Matter

DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF READING, G.B.E.

THROUGH a modest peephole high in the door of the office of the ("one in a thousand") secretary on the fourth floor, you can see the head of the romantically risen Women in Green, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, G.B.E., chairman of the formidable Women's Voluntary Services, philosopher, sociologist, gardener. Silver-haired, with chiselled features of a still arresting loveliness, and deep-set, brown, lonely eyes, the chairman looks purposeful. Despite the green uniform, same for Lady Reading as for the newest paid cook, she is feminine, down to the two breathtaking diamond-set rings that hide the slight gold ring placed there in 1931 by her former chief, the first Marquess of Reading.

Stella, one of the nine children of Charles Charnaud (lent by the British Government to the Turks to discuss the Public Debt), was born in Constantinople in 1894, spoke French as soon as she knew English, learnt Turkish and Greek, German and Italian with private tutors. A V.A.D. with the British Red Cross in the First World War, in 1925 she became the only woman member of the Viceroy's Staff in India, later helped in all his public work the first Jewish Viceroy of India, Foreign Secretary, Lord Chief Justice of England and, at a critical moment, Ambassador to the U.S.A.: a large framed picture on the neat table in the G.H.Q. at Tothill Street, S.W.1, reminds her of five years' idyllic marriage with the meteorically risen sailor-boy.

In 1932 Lady Reading headed the Personal Service League, roused the nation to the need to help the distressed areas with clothes; in 1935 she served on the Ullswater Royal Commission on Broadcasting. Destiny called in 1938, when the Home Secretary telephoned her. Lady Reading formed the W.V.S., for A.R.P., later for Civil Defence. The tasks were fabulous—evacuees, the Services, the homeless, oversea refugees, the distribution of £12,000,000 of clothing and other gifts from all parts of the world. But the 1,250,000 volunteers, the Women in Green, led by the smiling, resolute tactician, served with a will and enthusiasm that are living history.

To-day, with 46,000 trained and enrolled members in the Civil Defence section in 1,500 centres, led by organisers (not directors or heads, please—women do not like being given orders, not even by the loving husband, says the chairman), the W.V.S. is ready to serve the country again in its twelve regions.

The seven ribbons on the tunic denote evidence of the world's appreciation of her services. But the former Governor of the B.B.C., and later its Vice-Chairman, retains an urbane sense of reality, says warmly, "I have had splendid colleagues and friends." In London, in two homes in Smith Square, there is entertaining; in Swanborough Manor, the Sussex retreat, shared with a friend of the W.V.S., gardening reigns supreme. On the table in Tothill Street the folder of action, "P.S.M.," looks forbidding, but "Please see me" is a busy woman's invitation to unselfish colleagues to listen and to explain. They serve Great Britain to-day, and look into the problems of to-morrow.—G.B.

LADY-IN-WAITING . . . in a Tudor-style dress of mid-grey velvet, with collar, front panel and deep cuffs of lemon brocade, and trimmed with gold braid and dark grey velvet. The under-sleeves are in white organza with dark grey strappings. The head-dress is of lemon brocade trimmed with pearls and dark grey velvet, with a front cap of frilled organza, and a lemon veil at the back. The jewellery is silver-chased and amber, and the front neck-line is pearl-studded. The dress, in fact, is that worn by Jane Barrett in her rôle of Lady Margaret, Lady-in-Waiting to Mary Tudor, in Walt Disney's new British production in Technicolor, *The Sword and the Rose*, which is just concluding its run at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and is due for general release in October.

WEST COUNTRY REDWINGS

These racing dinghies are shown rounding the easte
sunshine coming glarily through tiny breaks in th
conditions in the West Country, where they are

From the painting by C. E. Turner.

mark in Looe Bay in a violent westerly breeze with a rain squall passing and small patches of
louds. These little vessels are 14 ft. overall, clinker-built and stand up well to North Atlantic
rly sailed by young men who gain a thorough grounding in the art by racing in all weathers.

MRS. MINNETTE-LUCAS

This superb portrait by Richard Marientreu was shown at the R.W.S. Galleries this year. Beautiful Mrs. Minnette-Lucas, who is the wife of Captain R. Minnette-Lucas, Grenadier Guards, was formerly Miss Wendy Milne, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Duguid Milne, late of the Scots Guards, and of Mrs. Coutts Milne. She and her husband, who are at present on a visit to Australia, where he has family connections, spend most of their time at their wonderful Scottish estate, Gledfield, in Ross-shire ; they also have a small house in Knightsbridge.

The Countess of Mansfield, joint hostess of the Reel Practice Party, chats with Lady Maclean, wife of Major Sir Charles Maclean of Dowart and Morvaren, who is Chief of the Clan Maclean.

Mr. Adam Fergusson, son of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, with Miss Bridget Malcolm, daughter of the Laird of Poltallach : Miss Malcolm, one of this year's débutantes, is a great-granddaughter of Lily Langtry.

Miss Jane Elmhirst, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, who is shortly taking up his post as Governor of Guernsey, shares a joke with Mr. John Rose-Miller between dances.

Thoroughly enjoying the evening are the Countess of Lindsay and the kilted Chief of the Clan Maclean, Major Sir Charles Maclean of Dowart and Morvaren, here watching the dancers together.

Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, grandson of a former Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and the son of Canon Mackenzie, talks with Miss Rosemary Abel-Smith as they wait for the dancing to begin again.

REEL PRACTICE PARTY

On the eve of that resplendent Scottish social function—the Argyllshire gathering at Oban (September 10th)—a highly enjoyable Reel Practice Party was given at one of the local hotels by the Countess of Mansfield and Lady Flavia Anderson, sister of the Earl of Halsbury. With half of the male guests wearing the kilt—always a perfect foil for colourful dresses—it was a very gay occasion, and guests were put well and truly in the mood for the next day's festivities.

Photographed by Brodrick Haldane.

SEPTEMBER 2nd.—AT THE ABOYNE GAMES. A standard-bearer leads a distinguished party to the Chief's pavilion at Aboyne. Behind him are the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly and their two children (the Earl of Aboyne and Lady Pamela Gordon), accompanied by Colonel Lilburn of Coull (*carrying bonnet*).

SEPTEMBER 3rd.—BRAEMAR GATHERING. Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld, wife of the patron of the Braemar Games, keeps the cold wind off little Audrey Raffan, who is proudly showing the plaque she won for dancing.

SEPTEMBER 10th.—ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING. Enjoying the warm sunshine as they watch competitors from the sidelines at Oban are Colonel and Mrs. William Forbes and their two sons.

SEPTEMBER 10th.—ALSO AT OBAN. Countess Cadogan, sister of Lord Churston, talking to the Duke of Argyll, Chief of the Clan Campbell, who is President of the Gathering.

SEPTEMBER 10th.—OBAN SPECTATORS. Two highly interested young people who would not have missed a single event for anything were Jane and Peter Campbell-Orde, who came with their mother, Lady Campbell Orde.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

AUTUMN—in London not the season of mists, etc., but the beginning of an endless string of those cocktail-parties *cum* committee meetings when nearly the whole of Mayfair turns out in force to organise shows for charity. On September 3rd, bronzed and healthy-looking people hurried back from moors and beaches to a South Audley Street drawing-room, to discuss arrangements for the première of the film *The Intruder* at the Empire, Leicester Square, on October 15th in aid of the Returned British Prisoners of War Association. Lady Tarbat, whose husband was unlucky enough to be a P.O.W. during the last war, was Chairman. She had come 600 miles from Scotland specially for the meeting, and went back the following day. We talked to pretty Lady Edith Foxwell, wife of the film's producer Mr. Ivan Foxwell, Marie Lady Willingdon, who had been having a cheerful time at Virginia Water, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, back from Cornwall, Princess Wisniewska, wearing a pink pearl-studded hat; Lady Huggins rushed past, making a last-minute dash for the theatre.

SEPTEMBER 4th.—The fun went down to Devonshire, where Colonel and Mrs. Incledon-Webber had a splendid dance for their daughters Diana and Elizabeth, also eight-year-old Priscilla, who was allowed to stay up until midnight and afterwards told her father, " Daddy, I had *eight* partners ! " Diana was celebrating her twenty-first birthday, and nearly 200 guests danced until 5 a.m. at Buckland, the historic old home which can boast of having been in the family for over 800 years. Major and Mrs. Charles Chichester brought their deb. daughter Miss Penelope Chichester; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Franklin, and Major and Mrs. Stucley were also busy chaperoning. Miss Diana Bowring, Miss Cynthia Hume and her brother Mr. Richard Hume, Miss Caroline Braby, young Lord St. Cyres, son of Lord Iddesleigh, and his brother, Mr. Edward Northcote, were among the merry house-party filling Buckland. Mr. Barry Gibson, Lord Ashbourne's son, came with his sister, Miss Oonagh Gibson. Others there were Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Darnford, Miss Joanna Gundry, who had had a very jolly dance at Honiton a week or two before, Mr. Gerald Hohler and his bride, the former Margaret Stucley, just back from their honeymoon, Miss Carolyn Seymour Johnson and very many more.

SEPTEMBER 6th.—Up in Scotland, where the harassing of grouse and stags is at its height, we heard from friends that the popular Baron and Baroness Stackelberg had an amusing lunch-party at their magnificent Erchless Castle, the inside of which was a mass of glorious gladioli. Attractive Lady Lovat, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, who were spending a holiday motoring through Scotland staying with various friends, and Colonel Michael Dunning White, who spends a busy life farming near Inverness, were there, also Major Alan Cameron of Lochiel, and charming " foreigners " Mrs. Dorothy Hammond of San Francisco, now installed at Beaufort Castle and a well-established hostess there, and Mrs. John Buellens, finding mountains a pleasant change from Paris. Lord and Lady Tarbat came from Castle Leod, their Ross-shire refuge, bringing with them Mr. Philip Kimball, over from Wilmington, U.S.A., for a bit of shooting.

SEPTEMBER 4th.—GOLF CHALLENGE CUP. Mr. W. C. Nisbett (*right*), managing director of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., who held their annual Invitation Golf Meeting at Richmond this year, presenting *The Sphere* Golf Challenge Trophy to the 1953 winner, Mr. C. G. Hayman of the Distillers' Company.

SEPTEMBER 4th.—TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY. At Buckland, their lovely home in Braunton, Devon, Mrs. Incledon-Webber gave a dance for her daughters Diana (*centre*), who was celebrating her twenty-first birthday, and Elizabeth (*left*), pictured here with their mother and their father, Colonel Incledon-Webber, and small sister Priscilla.

SEPTEMBER 10th.—PONY CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS. The three young members of the Cowdray team receiving their prizes as winners of the event for the best team from Mr. Case, editor of *Horse and Hound*. The championships, a one-day event held at Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, were sponsored by the British Horse Society and Pony Club.

SEPTEMBER 12th.—THE ST. LEGER. Snapped on their way to the paddock before the big race: Mr. H. S. Christie, a visitor from the Bahamas, the Countess of Ranfurly, whose husband is the Governor-Designate of those islands, and Lady Carey Coke.

That evening Captain and Mrs. Galloway of Blervie gave their large and very gay cocktail-party, nowadays a much-looked-forward-to annual event. Lord Moray brought his eldest son Lord Doune and daughter Lady Hermione Roberts; his brother Mr. James Stewart, the Secretary of State North of the Border, was there too; also encountered were Lady Seafield and her husband Mr. Studley-Herbert, Lord Cawdor, and Commander James Dugdale from Warwickshire.

SEPTEMBER 9th.—Went to the brooding Royal Exchange to see how the Wapping Group of Artists were getting on with their annual exhibition. Sir Rupert De la Bère, who professed to be a great Thames-lover, was being shown round by Mr. Jack Merriott, the President; others we met were Mr. Leslie Ford, and Mr. F. C. Winby, who told us that the Group bars female membership, though for what reason we didn't discover.

Later we visited the Fiore de Henriquez exhibition of sculpture at the Hanover Gallery—doing the same thing were Lady Hulse and Lady Margaret D'Arcy, who was closely inspecting her own head in terra-cotta, whilst superbly untidy Augustus John examined *his* head in bronze.

SEPTEMBER 10th.—At the Argyllshire Gathering, at Oban, we found it difficult to keep even one eye on the antics of the brawny athletic fraternity performing feats of skill and endurance in the arena, with such a strong rival all-star turn-out of northern and Sassenach notabilities in the pavilion enclosure. Here Colonel Ian Campbell of Airds held court with his wife, his two stalwart sons, Captain Alan and Brigadier Lorne Campbell, and his grandsons. The Captain of Dunstaffnage, very much in the centre of things, doffed his blue bonnet to Amie Lady Noble, whose second son John and his wife had given a wonderful dance a few nights before at Ardkinglas, the family home on the shores of Loch Fyne. The Duchess of Argyll shared a ringside bench with her son and daughter, Brian and Frances Sweeny; earlier in the day the Duke of Argyll, sporting a bright blue tweed jacket, had taken part, as President of the Gathering, in the spectacular grand march up to the Games Ground.

SEPTEMBER 11th.—Miss Camilla De la Bère, daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Rupert and Lady De la Bère, married Mr. Louis Bourcier at St. Michael's, Cornhill; afterwards we elbowed our way in to the glittering Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House along with the other 800 guests. Spotted among the hundreds of wedding presents were three highly practical egg-whisks; many personal friends had come up from Sussex and down from Cheshire, the respective home counties of bride and bridegroom; others we saw included M.P.s Sir Edward Keeling and Sir Stanley Holmes, and Mr. and Mrs. Attlee talking to Sir Harry Brittain, who proposed the bride's health.

SEPTEMBER 12th.—All roads led to Doncaster—tremendously cheering crowds greeted the Queen and Sir Winston and Lady Churchill as they arrived for the St. Leger; they had been lunching at Sandbeck Park with Lord and Lady Scarbrough. The Duchess of Northumberland, who had been on holiday at Alnmouth with her children, was wearing a grey flannel dress, and in a suit of similar material was the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady D'Avigdor Goldsmith looked smart in Donegal tweed, so did Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, in a black-and-white tweed dress, Mrs. Edward Lambton, who wore a long white tweed coat and pale yellow hat, and Mrs. J. V. Rank, all in navy. Lady Sykes had a large party, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, in excellent form, were chatting to many friends. Others seen were Lord Ranfurly, the Governor-Designate of the Bahamas, and Lady Ranfurly, and among the younger set, Lady Carey Coke, one of the prettiest of last year's debs., and Lord Porchester.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

The Autumn Programmes

IT seems that the B.B.C. are a little huffed that the announcement of their autumn plans for television has not caused more of a stir in the Press. Well, quite frankly, there is scarcely anything to cheer about in the announcement and, having read its nine pages, I thank my lucky stars that I am not a newspaperman. For there is not much of a "story" to be found; no sensational new developments nor any promise of star-studded entertainments. In fact, very little is *promised* at all.

Now that does not mean that your autumn television is going to be an unmitigated bore. I have no doubt that the overall standard will continue to advance and that the offerings for your screen will go on ranging from the sublime to the utterly futile. No, the reason the announcement lacks dramatic value is due to the natural aversion of the B.B.C. to discussing anything that is not 100 per cent. contracted, signed, sealed and in the bag. That happy state is a matter of days, rather than months, ahead in the general run of broadcasts.

But let us have a gentle browse through the nine pages and see what secrets the B.B.C. *have* persuaded themselves to divulge.

In Drama the viewer is to be offered "a wide range of plays, in which there will be a dominant comedy element" Do you begin to see what I mean about lack of sensationalism? Among these future comedies only two are listed: *The Little Glass Clock*, by Hugh Mills, set in the eighteenth century; and *The Lass With the Muckle Mou*, by Alexander Reid, which you will no doubt be astonished to learn has a Scottish flavour! Then comes a selection of past stage successes by Emlyn Williams, Ivor Novello, Kaufman and Hart, Clifford Odet—and another, which I propose to discuss more fully in the next issue. There is no mention of Shakespeare, or any other classical authors, like Ibsen, Chekov or Schiller; but one will just have to wait and see. Contemporary writers seem to dominate the picture—which is certainly a comfort to those who make their living with the pen!

Among these alive-and-kicking story-spinners the B.B.C. is trying to pursue a policy of including representative works by modern Continental playwrights. One of them is *The Public Prosecutor*, by Fritz Hochwalder, who hails from Switzerland. This is a grim and horridly exciting piece which you will be able to see on October 4th and 8th. It deals with that unendearing character of the French Revolution, Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville, who, as Public Prosecutor of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, was responsible for the guillotining of an incredible number of persons—guilty and innocent.

His chief weapon was the monstrous Prairial Law, which needed only the testimony of two witnesses to secure the death penalty, and which forbade the accused to speak in his own defence. Fouquier-Tinville had many enemies, but his position enabled him to cope easily with them. All except one—the beautiful and fascinating Thérèse Cabarrus, the beloved of Jean Lambert Tallien, who played a leading part in the overthrow of Robespierre in the Rising of the Thermidor. That Thérèse used her influence over Tallien to end the Terror and to pursue a policy of moderation is certainly true. In fact, she was hailed by the Parisian people as *Notre Dame du Thérmidor*. Her distaste for the ruthless and incorruptible Fouquier-Tinville is scarcely less authentic. From these two ingredients Herr Hochwalder begins to spin a web of almost intolerable suspense, and if he allows himself a little dramatic licence with strict historical fact and chronology, it is in a very good cause.

In the field of "Talks and Discussions," the future policy is as conservative as with Drama. You will find gradually returning to your screens established successes like *In the News*, *Press Conference*, *Speaking Personally* and the febrile culinary dicta of Philip Harben. Two rather more ambitious series of programmes in this *genre* will be *International Survey*—in which Alan Bullock and Chester Wilmot will tackle the formidable task of analysing the world situation with particular reference to Europe and the Far East—and *Men Seeking God*, in which that brilliant but (to my mind) not always unbiased commentator, Christopher Mayhew, will discuss and clarify some of the great religions of mankind.

Light Entertainment presents rather a bleak prospect on paper, with nothing much except Jewel and Warriss and Eric Barker to look forward to. But no doubt the full story has not yet been told. The information that Ronald Waldman, the head of this department, is going to America to study transatlantic methods in this field of entertainment may or may not be good news for the viewer.

The Documentary Department incline even more to reticence and hide their future plans behind a flurry of generalities. But there is one programme which personally I welcome and which will be a salutary eye-opener to many parents of offspring who feel the lure of the footlights. On September 28th and October 1st, *Chorus Girl* will firmly take the gilt off that particular gingerbread, and give the true picture of the trials, hardships and heart-breaks of the profession which still illusorily represents the quintessence of carefree gaiety.

Aspirants to a theatrical career through the medium of "the line" will do well to watch this programme carefully and listen to what it has to say with open ears. I assure them that it is in no way off the mark. They will learn that the modern chorus girl has to be a highly-trained artist, has to have a good wardrobe and the ability to wear clothes with *chic*, and be possessed of indomitable courage and tireless energy all the time.

Music on television, I am glad to say, seems to be in the ascendant. *The Conductor Speaks* series is due to resume on October 26th, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. The opera schedule includes not only *The Medium*, but another work by Gian-Carlo Menotti, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. Presumably to break down viewer-resistance to television opera, George Foa is to be given a series of explanatory programmes called *Opera For You*, beginning on October 16th. This is more or less a parallel series to *Ballet for Beginners*, which has become an evergreen "must" in its own right, and is being resumed within the next few weeks. Balletomanes should also make a note of October 20th, when the Sadler's Wells Company will be appearing.

THIS WEEK . . .

CARL EBERT

Carl Ebert, who is a household name to all who know and love opera, will be turning his brilliant talents towards television to-morrow night (September 24th), when he produces Gian-Carlo Menotti's The Medium *(Repeat October 28th). With him—to control cameras and other technical gimmicks—he has an able assistant in Christian Simpson. The opera, which is described as a "gripping study of superstition, fraud, tenderness and greed," will be conducted by Brian Balkwell. In the cast are Elaine Malbin and Marie Powers, who sings the rôle she created when the work was first performed in 1946.*

ANN HANSLIP

Ann Hanslip, who is being offered the key to television stardom in a leading part in the new Saturday night serial, beginning on September 26th. Produced by Alvin Rakoff, this new serial, Place of Execution, *comes from the pen of one of television's staff writers, Alfred Shaughnessy, who has already won his spurs with plays like* Release. *Others in the distinguished cast of the serial are Derek Bond, Catherine Lacey, Barbara Couper, Jack Watling and Wyndham Goldie. The story will deal with an underground terrorist organisation in an imaginary British colony in the Near East, but the action mainly takes place in London.*

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Libel, by Edward Wooll, the classic courtroom play, which I discussed in a previous issue. It was given an inspired production by Douglas Allen, who overcame the monotony of setting by a great variety of camera shots. Of the overall fine performances, I chiefly remember those coming from Sebastian Shaw, Harcourt Williams, George Skillan and John Gabriel.

The Will and *Seven Women*, two of Barrie's short plays which have been featuring on Saturday night, both sensitively produced by Harold Clayton. The first, covering three ages of man, was distinguished by two superb performances by Robert Brown and Nicholas Hannen. The second soon resolved itself into a delightful duologue between Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey.

Indifferent

The Guilty Party, by Royston Morley. A good basic plot in an Attorney-General being forced to prosecute his father and friends for fraud; a good cast, headed by Robin Bailey, Cecile Chevreau, Ferdy Maine and George Merritt; but slow production by Rosemary Hill and considerable wandering from the point by the author.

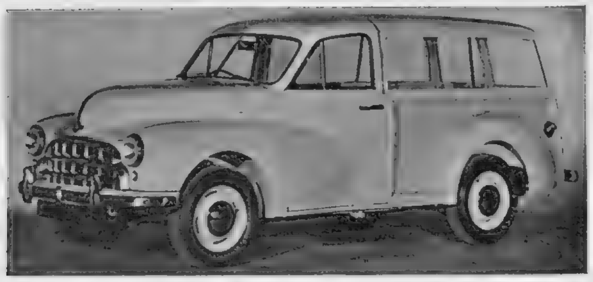
Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"Please don't get up!"

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

Morris Travellers' Car

By WILLIAM HARTLEY



I HAVE made mention before in these notes of the growing popularity of the type of body variously known as Station Wagon, Estate Car or, by Morris's, as a Travellers' Car. I, too, have long felt that for very many families this presented the best type of body design incorporating, as it does, a large seating capacity with generous, easy-packed carrying space for goods of any kind. There are other advantages, too, which the prolonged use of a Morris Oxford Travellers' Car have brought to mind. One is the extremely good vision all round, so that for touring and admiring the country I have yet to see the like. The ease of loading unusual objects of bulk, such as a pram for the children, a large umbrella for the beach, to say nothing of three dogs, is quite remarkable!

The Morris Oxford Travellers' Car is, of course, largely Morris Oxford, with the whole of the rear part of the body constructed in this special form from good timber. There are but two doors at the front and the backs of the front seats swing forward and inward to allow easy access to the bench rear seat. This rear seat folds down flat when not needed and completes a truly enormous level floor for goods carriage. At the rear, the two doors open wide to allow very easy loading.

The seats are comfortable, and one sacrifices nothing by having this type of body, except that the back seat is perhaps a trifle more upright, which I do not rate as a disadvantage, for the leg room is generous and better than most saloons. The body is silent and draught-proof and, although not carpeted, as comfortable as one could wish. In fact, with a car that is used a good deal, carpets are usually a nuisance, whereas a hard-wearing rubber floor mat is far more serviceable.

On the road, well, there is no difference, except the much increased visibility all round. Reversing is a joy, of course. The car I used was heavily loaded, yet I found the performance more than adequate. I could do more than a comfortable 65 and I could cruise at 50-odd with ease, and with traffic as it is, opportunity to do more is rare. Consumption of petrol I would work out at getting well up to 30 to the gallon, using Regent T.T., which my fancy rated for the engine.

The riding quality was good and strangely unaffected by the load. Steering and brakes call for no comment, as they rarely do these days on modern cars. All in all, I would rate this Morris Oxford Travellers' Car very high, certainly for the country family, and I see no reason why more urban motorists should not find in it something to suit all purposes. They would, I have no doubt, enjoy it the year round, and bless it thrice over when holiday time came round!

I would add what is a repetition of comment I have made before; I foresee a great increase of the use of this type of body. The Motor Show will bear me out in a month's time. And the fuss about beautiful lines on the outside at the price of space inside will die out!

This and That

IT is, I think, somewhat harsh to put the new Standard Eight under this heading! For it is something of supreme interest, and it will cause a stir before these notes appear. I have seen and tried the car, and Sir John Black is to be congratulated with his staff in producing such a proposition at such an economical rate. Economy seems to be the keynote of the car, too. Initial outlay and running costs are as low as anything available, and its success seems assured. It handles well and the body provides ample space for four, with quite remarkable luggage room, too. The ingenious rear seat access to the boot deserves full marks, and the general simplification has achieved a remarkable result. Here, it seems to me, is a new departure which the mass of motorists (and those intending to become motorists) will welcome sincerely.

* * * *

A million supporters by Christmas! That is the not inconsiderable aim of a new Militant Motorists' Association that has been formed by a small group in Worcestershire. The title serves to tell their objects, which are to defend motorists and motoring and secure a better deal for them, having in mind the taxation they pay. Whether this will get anywhere one cannot say yet, but I will report progress.

* * * *

What great interest has been added to the Sports Car Racing season by the Aston-Martin–Jaguar duels. Aston-Martins have done very well and congratulations are due to their team headed by John Wyre. Their successes with Parnell, Collins and the rest have been mighty, and already we should become excited by next season's prospects. What a joy it is to find men like William Lyons and David Brown who are game to fight these things out for public enjoyment and interest. And what credit it does to their products, too.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

I SHALL never forget an occasion during the war when, with the very best of intentions, I put the remains of a melon into the refrigerator of the flat which I was then sharing with two friends. Nor shall I ever be allowed to forget it as, for seemingly weeks afterwards, our precious stores of butter and margarine smelt and tasted of melon. This episode was in my mind when I found the invaluable Anti-Crocon Food Conditionaire, which is designed to stop cross-contamination of food flavours in refrigerators. The effective chemical is activated charcoal, which is contained in a small plastic unit which protects it and allows the charcoal to draw to itself any food flavours and prevents contamination. The Anti-Crocon should be placed near the freezing unit, and, incidentally, its life will be prolonged if it is removed from the refrigerator during defrosting. Not only is the Anti-Crocon reasonably priced, but the makers claim that it lasts from nine to twelve months. One unit is sufficient for a small refrigerator (5 cub. ft.), but two are advisable for a large household one (10 cub. ft.).

* * * *

Having recently been forced to spend some of the best days of this uncertain summer in bed, my attention has been focused on beds in general and, of course, mine in particular. One of the things I found most trying, particularly during the long restless nights, was the way the bottom sheet rucked and wrinkled, disturbing what little sleep I was able to get. I have since discovered that a fitted sheet, known as the "Three D," introduced in America only a few years ago and already a best-seller there, has now been introduced in this country. Produced, at the moment, as a bottom sheet only, it is constructed so as to encase the mattress completely, ensuring that the sheet, once fitted, cannot slip out of position. The fitted boxed corners tuck under the mattress, holding the sheet firm and taut. The "Three D" sheet cannot shrink, and saves time and work in bed-making. At present it is available in single bed size only, for 3 ft. and 3 ft. 6-in. mattresses, but the double bed size is to follow in the near future. Full instructions for easy bed-making and methods of ironing at home are included with each sheet.

* * * *

While on the subject of sheets, I must tell you about some gay-striped sheets designed by Richard Haworth. The coloured stripes, which are ½-in. wide on white, are in carnation pink, Dresden blue, lemon-peel yellow, or willow green, being chosen to tone with the usual shades of coloured blankets. The sheets are made in two forms, all-over striped sheets and frilled pillow-cases or white sheets and pillow cases with striped borders. I must confess that I have completely fallen for the latter.

* * * *

My thoughts have also been dwelling during the last few weeks on the problems connected with eating and drinking in bed. "A boon and a blessing" for patients and nurses is a beaker which enables people who are ill to sip or drink liquids, whether prone or propped up. The beaker has two parts, which are screwed together; the upper has an in-built lid with three small openings in it; it feeds liquids in a controlled flow, and with reasonable care it is spill-proof. Moulded in plastic it can be sterilised and it is stain-proof; it is really a great advance on the old-fashioned spouted feeding cup.

* * * *

If you have ever bought a basin or sink stopper only to discover when you reach home that it won't fit, you will be glad to read about my tail-piece, which is an expanding plug designed to overcome these difficulties. By simply twisting the triangular chain wire in a clockwise direction, pressure is exerted on the rubber washer, which causes it to expand until a perfect fit is obtained. If it is too large it can be reduced by twisting the wire in the opposite direction. The plugs are made in five sizes, each being capable of expansion of up to a quarter-of-an-inch.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

The Anti-Crocon Food Conditionaire: 6s.; Selfridges, Boots, John Lewis. . . . "Three D" fitted bottom sheets: 27s. 6d. each; Waring and Gillow, Whiteleys, Robinson and Cleaver. . . . Striped sheets: £6 15s. for double bed size set of two sheets and two pillow-cases, and £5 15s. for the single bed size set; Harrods, Selfridges. . . . Inval Beaker for invalids: 5s. 11d. each; Boots. . . . The Fitzit Expanding Plug: 2-in. size, 3s. 3d. each; 1¾-in. size, 3s.; 1½-in. size, 2s. 9d.; 1¼-in. size, 2s. 6d., and 1-in. size, 2s. 6d. each; Harrods, Selfridges, Gamages, Barkers.

Our Autumn Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

TWEED COMES TO TOWN

Everywhere this Autumn the accent is on Tweed, and with tweed being used for town wear, life is made easier for the woman who divides her time between town and the country. This straight, but easy coat, in attractive herringbone tweed, over-checked with green, is lined for extra warmth with green wool-jersey. The dress is made in matching jersey, with a ribbed waist-line, high-fitting neck and deep pockets. The coat, 16½ guineas, the dress 6½ guineas, and the pull-on jersey hat, all come from Jaeger, Regent Street.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Tweed Comes to Town

Left : The wardrobe basis for this Autumn is the three-piece. Here is a slim-fitting suit in brown and red Donegal tweed, with a fitting jacket, worn under a loose short coat in a bright red, smooth fabric. The suit, about 19 guineas, and the coat, about 23½ guineas, by Jacqmar, are from Richard Jones, Chester; Hannington's Speciality Shop, Brighton; and Renée Meneely, Belfast. The hat, in matching tweed, is by Renée Pavy.

Centre : A slim suit, with a plain skirt and a fitting jacket, in grey and soft yellow tweed, under a short, boxy coat in co-related tweed. The coat has a low-lying back sash, tying in a loose knot. By Frederick Starke, the suit 28 guineas, and the coat 21 guineas, from the Coat and Suit Department of Liberty, Regent Street. The hat is from Ruby Carel, Grosvenor Street.

Right : This suit in a charming shade of violet, double-breasted and collarless, with a neck-edging of black petersham, is worn under a long coat in black and violet tweed, with a highwayman's cape-collar, trimmed again with black petersham. This three-piece, by Matita, price about 55 guineas, is from Saxon Novis, Berkeley Street. The black velvet hat is from Ruby Carel, Grosvenor Street.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Left : A simple but dramatic dress in white, silver and black satin, with a wide décolletage, edged with black. The skirt is straight, the bodice has a deep cross-over line from the shoulders. By Phyllis Taylor, price about 25½ guineas, from Mikla, Wigmore Street. The dark mink stole is from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road. The heart-shaped hat in white jersey and tulle, with jewel-embroidery, is by Madge Chard.

Right : Ideal for restaurant wear, two dresses which start the evening looking like suits, and when their tailored jackets are removed, reveal slim-fitting dresses, with widely-strapped necklines. *Left :* A gleaming, little black dress, with a "gym tunic" top, has a trimly-tailored jacket. By Lady in Black, about 21 guineas, from Peter Jones. The bead-embroidered hat is by Madge Chard. Mink stole from the National Fur Company. *Right :* Black velvet-embossed taffeta for a slim dress, with a square neckline. With its matching jacket, the dress becomes a sleek cocktail suit. By Henri, about 33 guineas, from the Speciality Department, Marshall and Snelgrove. The black velvet petal-cap is by Madge Chard.

Around and About

After the glamour and whirl of the Coronation summer, and holiday gaiety by the sea or in the country, the Autumn and the return to town bring the prospect of quieter evenings, quieter dresses. Every woman searches for the "little" dress, right for dining at home with friends, or quietly in a restaurant ; or the two-piece, from which the jacket can be removed after a cocktail-party, to leave a dress ready for restaurant dancing. Black, as always, is the basic colour for after-six, with the occasional burst of brilliant colour.

Left : A delightful dress in black, pleated crepe, ideal for many evening occasions, with its wide neckline, covered shoulders and flowing pleats. By Dorville, price £20 15s. from Galeries Lafayette. The black satin hat, with its frilled edging and large back bow, is by Madge Chard.

Photographed at the Colony Restaurant.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

For Evenings to Come

For evening dresses this season there is far less of the splendour that we have become used to during the past summer months. Richness is shown in the fabrics used, rather than in embroidery and decoration. There is a move back to the short evening dress, except, of course, for the very formal evening, as it is so much easier for dancing. For full-length dresses, the line is slimmer, with fullness towards the back.

Photographed in the Oliver Messel Suite at the Dorchester Hotel.

Above : A regal evening dress, suitable for the grand occasion, and for the older woman. In rich grey and gold brocade, the dress is draped over one shoulder, and with the skirt falling straight, there is draping over the hips, cascading down at one side. By Roecliff and Chapman, from Richard Bird of Knightsbridge.

Right : A short evening dress that is charming for the theatre and other more informal occasions. In black silk jersey, always a favourite, the bodice is softly moulded and draped, from a narrow halter strap to a dropped waistline. The skirt is full and swirling. By Rima, from Harrods, Knightsbridge.

Dramatic in black and white faconné velvet, for informal evenings, a short evening dress designed by Christian Dior, with his charming bell-shaped skirt and tulip line to the bodice. This C.D. Model is available from Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Stores are nowadays coping realistically with the problem of the younger woman who has unfortunately very little money to spend on clothes. The married woman with small children, or the working girl on a budget, cannot spend enormous sums on their wardrobe, but they want to be attractively dressed for very little outlay. Liberty, in Regent Street, have now opened a Budget Department, with a top price of 10 guineas, and many dresses go for much less. From this department comes this little tailored dress in dark grey worsted, with two interchangeable gilets, one in striped taffeta, the other in white marcella. Equally attractive in the office or the home, or more dramatically with the neck left open, this dress costs only 10 guineas.

Photographed on the roof of the Dorchester Hotel.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Autumn Beauty News

TO FACE THE AUTUMN. As Autumn approaches, we leave the gentle make-up colourings of the past summer, with the galaxy of pink and rose shades, and turn to a range of exciting rich tints, to harmonise with the colours of autumn fashions. The complexion must be porcelain clear to stand up to dramatic overtones. If there is any sallowness left from fading tan, *Innoxa* give a One-Guinea Salon treatment, with a Bleaching Mask, which will whiten and enliven the skin.

Another mask for a dull, dry skin, the result of too much wind and sun, is the Revenescence Mask of *Charles of the Ritz*, which can be given at home, and is recommended for all types of skin, except the super-sensitive.

When the skin is clear, the new colour shades can be chosen, with vibrant, deep reds for lipstick colours. Make-up fashions are not exaggerated, there are no "doe-eyes" to terrify the normal male admirer. The mouth follows its natural curve, eyebrows are natural but trim, and shadow is worn only on the lids, with a line of clear colour just behind the lashes to give them greater length.

The idea of two lipsticks in one, the colours used together or separately, has become popular. Elizabeth Arden now produces a Jewelled Duet Lipstick, price 27s. 6d., teaming two new shades, Montezuma Red and Evening Cyclamen, typical of the Autumn's dramatic, glowing colours.

PURELY PERSONAL. Nowadays, our best friends do not have to worry whether to "tell" or not. Chlorophyll in various forms has come on the market, to purify our kitchens, our mouths and ourselves. For those people who do not like sucking tablets or lozenges, there is a capsule that is immediately assimilated when swallowed, acting as a complete deodorant. *Puraphyl*, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, can be obtained from chemists and stores.

DIRTY FINGERS. For removing ink, nicotine, paint and other bad stains, *Bantol* is the answer. In a tube, price 2s. 3d., from all chemists, this is an invention that will be welcomed by every member of the family.

SOAP NEWS. A new arrival in the soap world, that smells as delightful as the name sounds, "Lilac Blossom," in the range of Cussons' soaps, price 1s. 4d. a tablet, on sale everywhere.

FOOTNOTE. Hardly beauty news, except that beautiful feet go a long way to making a woman beautiful. For women who like to have their evening shoes and sandals made up to match their dresses, *Dolcis*, Old Bond Street, will make up your own material. They keep a range of styles in leather for fitting, and if your material is suitable for shoe-making, will produce a pair for you in about three weeks, costing approximately 89s.

New! Glamorous! Jewelled Duet Lipstick

Every woman will want Elizabeth Arden's supremely elegant double headed lipstick. In gleaming gilt with a sparkling jewelled centre it gives you two extra long lipsticks in different shades in one swivel type holder. Use either alone or follow Elizabeth Arden's clever colour-over-colour technique, by using one shade over another for a doubly glamorous effect

Choose from these colour combinations:

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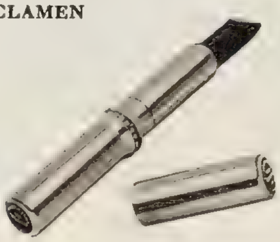
SKY BLUE PINK/RED FEATHER
PARADISE PINK/DESERT PINK
STOP RED/CRIMSON LILAC
SURPRISE/ROSE MIST
APRIL MAY/MONTEZUMA RED



27/6

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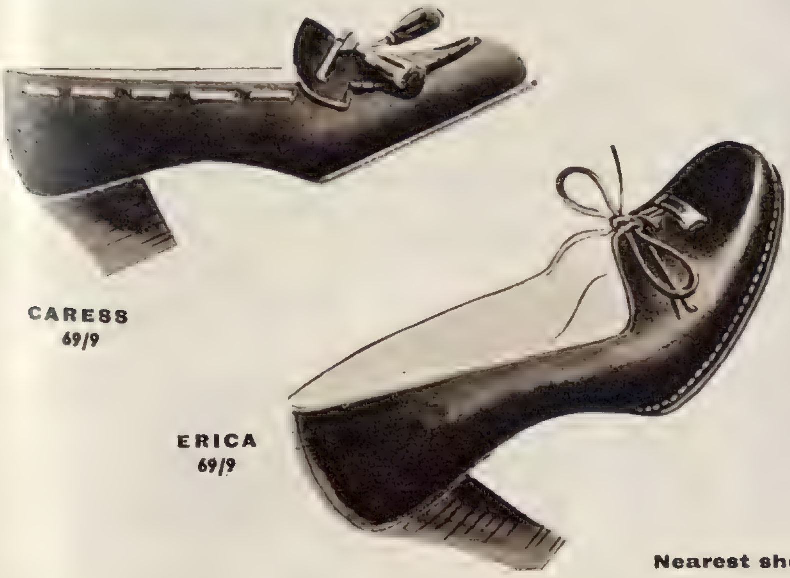

CARESS
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ERICA
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JESSICA	Hawthorn red, teak, black or flagship blue smooth leather; also available in black suede and calf or peat brown suede and calf. **65/-**
ALBURY	Red, teak or green calf. **65/-**
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CARESS	Walnut Calf. **69/9**
ERICA	Walnut or black smooth leather. **69/9**

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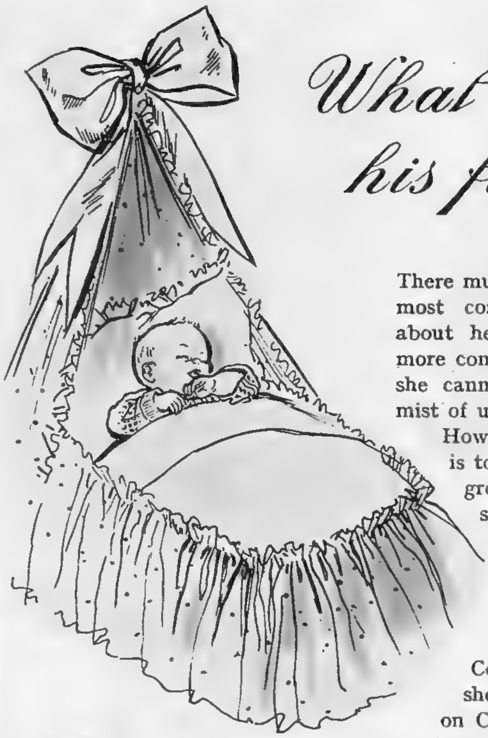

What will his future be?

There must be times when even the most confident mother has fears about her baby's future. Life is more complex than ever before and she cannot hope to penetrate the mist of uncertainty that lies ahead! However, what she *can* do now is to ensure that her baby will grow up with the health and strength to meet the tests of tomorrow — whatever they may be. She can insist on giving him that most valuable of all gifts — a sound and healthy Cow & Gate constitution. If she is wise she will put him on Cow & Gate (the best that money can buy), the food in which so many Royal mothers have placed their trust. Get a tin today!

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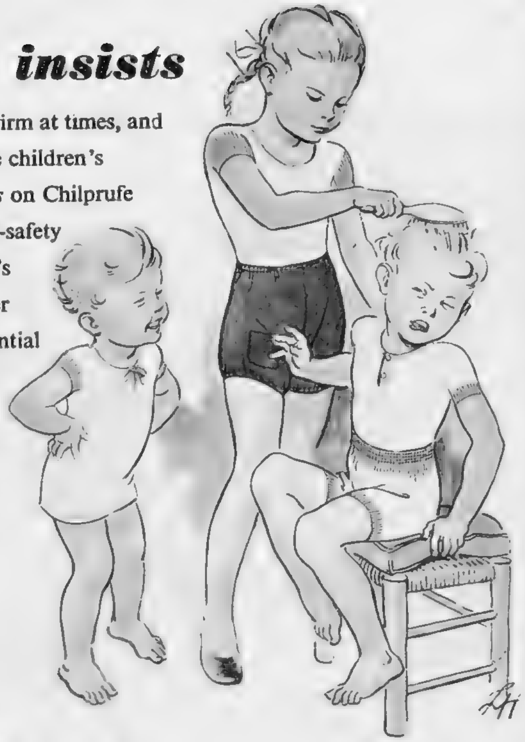

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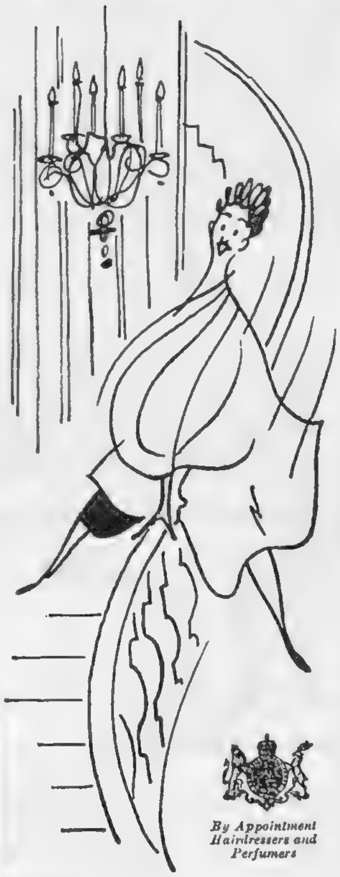
With hair that is quite irreproachable there are—there must be—stars in the eyes as well. The Steiner touch does so much for the ego. Such unusual pleasure for a surprisingly usual price.



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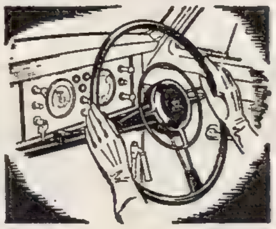
The owner of a Rover car may well congratulate himself upon the soundness of his judgment; for, as the years and miles mount up, this fine car reveals itself as a model of economy, reliability and good taste in the best tradition of British craftsmanship and engineering. There's always a buyer waiting for a used Rover.

No compromise, to keep down cost, has been allowed to influence the steering design. The resulting precision of the layout and steering "geometry" give the driver a feeling of perfect control. Even at speeds of over 150 m.p.h. on the Rover experimental gas-turbine car this steering was proved to be perfectly satisfactory.



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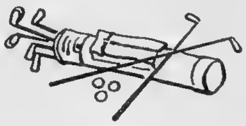

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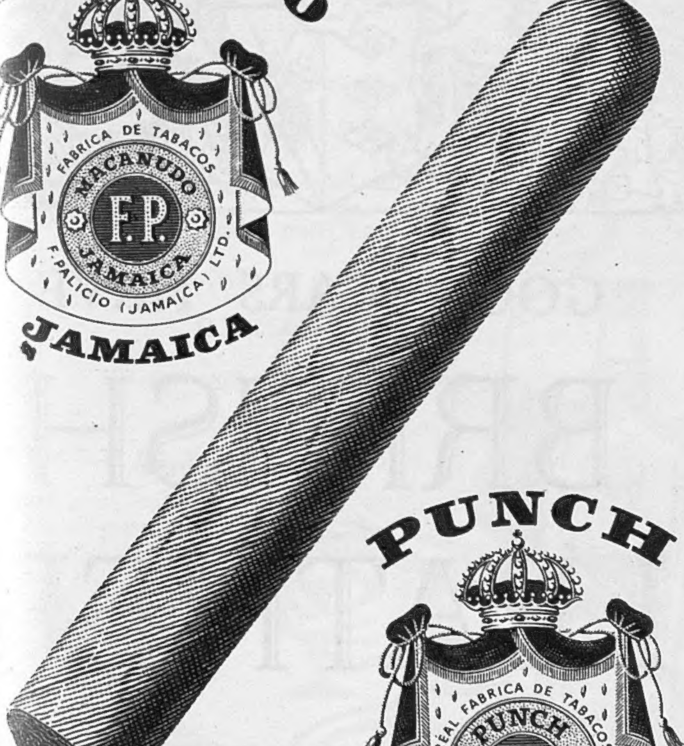

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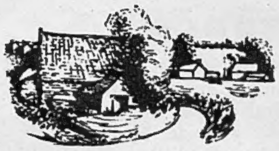

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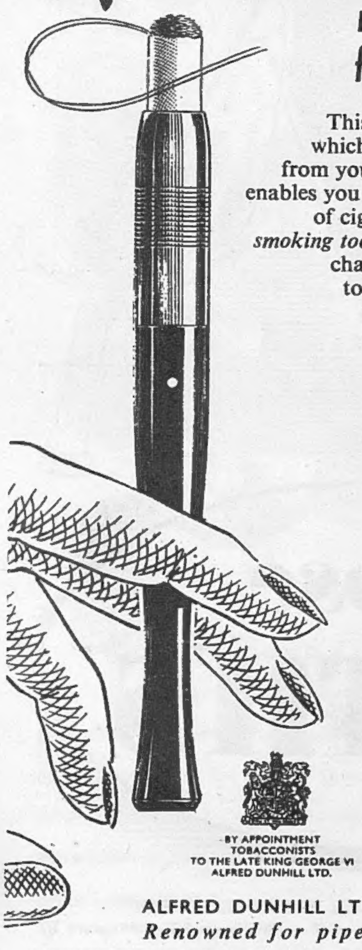

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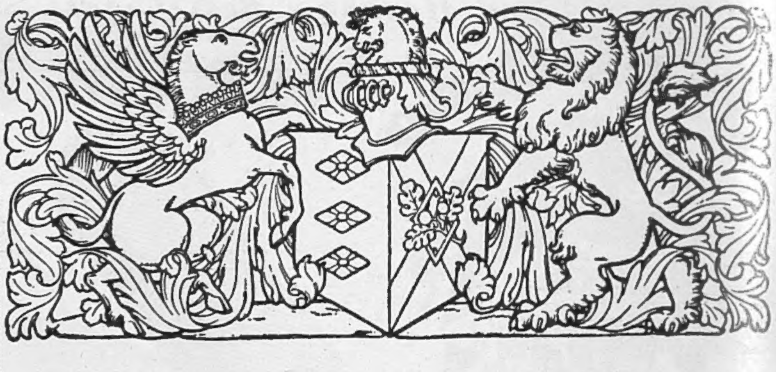

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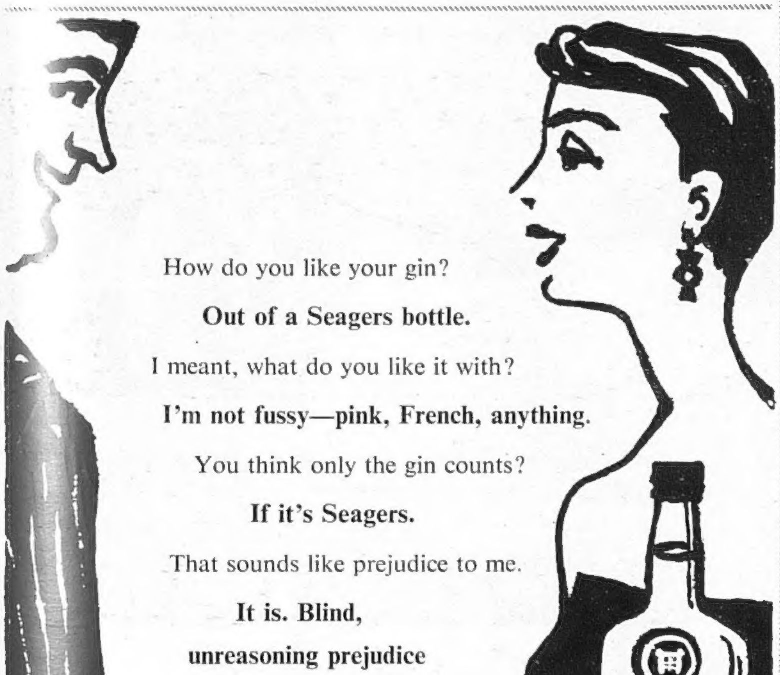

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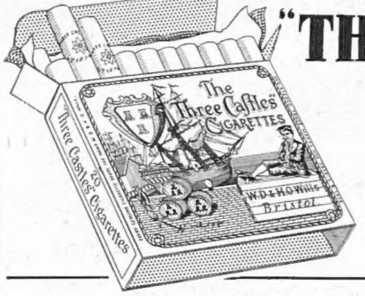

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